The Outlook

Vol. 68 June 15, 1901 No. 7

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The Outlook

Published Weekly

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The Virginia Convention The Virginia Constitutional Convention, which meets this week, has before it the same "paramount issue" as is before the Alabama Constitutional Convention, but contains a much larger number of delegates opposed to negro disfranchisement. This difference is not due to larger Republican representation in the Virginia body—for there are only twelve Republicans among the one hundred delegates—but to the fact that the negroes in Virginia are relatively fewer and as a rule higher in civilization. In slavery days it used to be noted that the Virginia negroes—largely house servants—were superior to the gangs of field hands in the Gulf States, the difference being largely the result, but partly the cause, of the better treatment which they received. For the purposes of anti-slavery agitation it was sometimes said that the best slave-owner was the worst slave-owner, but at the present time everybody must recognize that the best slave-owner was the best slave-owner, for under him the higher class of negroes were trained. But, be the reasons what they may, the fact is clear that many of the leaders in the Virginia Convention strongly oppose disfranchising negroes because of their race. Governor Tyler is among those who have taken this wholesome attitude. "I am opposed," he says in a recent authorized interview, "to any measure having for its object the curtailment of the right of suffrage. I do not believe that those who are called upon and required to exercise all the duties of citizenship, including the payment of taxes and the observance of the State laws, should be restricted in voting on all questions that affect the body politic." It is believed by the friends of the negroes, and by those who deprecate the revival of reconstruction issues in National politics, that the Virginia Convention will not disfranchise any taxpayer, even if he pays only a small poll tax assessed for the support of the common schools. It is probable that the Virginia Convention will not even give serious consideration to the reactionary proposal to divide the school fund on race lines and thus give to the education of the poorer race only one-tenth as much public aid as is given to the education of the better-to-do.

❀

The Alabama Convention In Alabama this proposal has been brought before the Convention, but it is believed that a majority of the delegates have too strong a sense of justice and too much State pride to give it their sanction. President Knox, in his address on taking the chair, opposed such discriminations on still another ground. "The South," he said, quoting Dr. Curry, "is too poor not to educate the negro." The President of a convention, on such occasions, usually speaks for the convention, and there is evidence that the better part of the press of the State supports Mr. Knox in his position. The "Daily Ledger" of Birmingham, for example, declares that the pro-rating of the school taxes according to the taxes paid by each race "would mean an end to the education of the negro in the State by the State," and proceeds to urge that it would be bad economy as well as bad politics. "The 'Ledger,'" it says, "is not one of those papers which believe that education is a cure for all evils, but it does believe that it is the policy adopted by the Nation as a means of progress, and that if Alabama gets out of line on education it will be a great step backward." The people of the South care as much for the National sentiment as the people of any other section, and the Alabama Convention will not lightly offend against National sentiment and embarrass

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their friends at the North by the denial of educational rights to the negroes. As regards disfranchisement, there is evidence that the Convention will not construe literally the plank in the Democratic platform promising that no white man should be denied the suffrage except for "infamous crime." The word "infamous" is being treated as pure rhetoric, and campaign rhetoric at that. One of the suffrage clauses prominently urged for adoption denies the suffrage to

> any person who shall hereafter be guilty and convicted of selling his own vote or buying or bartering the vote of another in any legal election or in any primary, caucus, or convention held to nominate persons for public office or to elect delegates in any primary or convention, or who shall make or aid in making any false count, certificate, or return as to the result of such election, primary, caucus, or convention, *or shall hereafter carry concealed weapons*.

The Charleston "News and Courier," to which we are indebted for this citation, indorses the last part of the clause quite as strongly as the first. "The carriers of concealed weapons," it says, "are a dangerous class in the State. . . . They are the most persistent and defiant 'lawbreakers' in the State. They should be allowed, accordingly, no voice in the public affairs of the State or of the communities in which they live." Such declarations from the conservative "News and Courier" indicate that the sentiment against carrying concealed weapons has astonishing strength.

❀

Representing Acres Not People

It is not political machines alone that love arbitrary power. Last week in Connecticut the Republican machine championed a concession to the principle of majority rule, while the rank and file of the Republican legislators defended minority rule. The situation arose out of the anomalies of Connecticut's antiquated Constitution, which gives every town, however small, a member of the House of Representatives, and no town, however large, more than two members. Owing to the growth of cities during the past century, it has now come about that one-fifth of the people of Connecticut elect two-thirds of the lower House, while twelve cities, containing a majority of the people, elect less than one-tenth of it. Naturally, the cities have grown restive under the injustice of this arrangement, and the Republican leaders, recognizing the responsibility of their party for the attitude taken by the rural legislators, this year recommended an amendment to the Constitution allotting every town one representative, every town with more than 2,500 people two representatives, and every city an additional representative for each 20,000 people. This proposal, it will be seen, was merely a concession of a very timid sort to the principle of majority rule, since under it the twelve cities would still elect less than a fifth of the House of Representatives. Governor McLean strongly recommended its acceptance by the country members, but the latter planted themselves upon the "time-honored" principle that the Legislature should represent towns and not people, and refused to budge. The amendment was thereby defeated by a vote of 145 to 61. Inasmuch as the rural towns are overwhelmingly Republican, that party has to bear the responsibility for the defeat, and the Democrats have been given an unprecedented opportunity of carrying the State upon the old issue that "men and not acres" should be the basis of representation. This phase of the matter was pressed upon the attention of the rural Republicans by the party leaders, but the control of the State offices by their party seemed to them of minor account compared with their own control of legislation and of the United States Senatorships. We are therefore likely to have in Connecticut Democratic Governors elected by the large majorities gathered in a few cities, and Republican Legislatures elected by the petty majorities gathered in a great many country towns. Apparently the anomaly will end only when popular indignation with the injustice gives the Democrats such an advantage in the Congressional elections that party loyalty will lead the rural Republicans to yield.

❀

"Railroading" Street Railroad Bills

The great sensation of the year in the highly sensational record of the present Legislature in Pennsylvania was produced during the past fortnight. On May 29 bills were introduced into the Senate practically repealing all existing

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laws regarding street railways, and permitting the construction of elevated, surface, or underground systems along all the unoccupied streets and highways of the Commonwealth. As the bills were introduced just after Messrs. Widener and Elkins, of the Union Traction Company of Philadelphia, had sailed for Europe, it was at first thought that the new bills were hostile to their interests, and promised competition from which the public might profit. But it was soon learned that the interests supposed to be threatened received the news with equanimity, while the Johnson syndicate, which promised three-cent fares if given entrance to the business center of Philadelphia, regarded the new bills as obstructive measures. Under the new provisions, said the attorney for the Johnson syndicate, the Secretary of the Commonwealth could hand out charters covering all the great cities to applicants favored by the State machine, and for two years thereafter no other company could enter the field. If the local authorities "gave" their approval to the new charters before the two years were up, two more years were given the favored applicants to commence construction, and five years more to complete it. Just how the new bills will affect existing street railway interests remained—and still remains—uncertain, but the enormous power they gave to certain political interests became more and more evident. At the outset it was observed that the Quay subordinates gathered in force when the bills were presented, and two days later this same disciplined body put the measures through the Senate, having meanwhile referred them to committee, secured a favorable report, and passed the bills through all the stages required by the Constitution to secure deliberation. It was then predicted that the end of last week or the beginning of this would see the same process repeated in the House. The earlier date proved to be the correct one, for the end of last week saw the bill not only passed by both houses, but signed by the Governor. The Governor wrote his signature late Friday night. All that night, says a Saturday's despatch, capitalists and promoters and lawyers were pouring into Harrisburg in feverish anxiety to get applications on file with the Secretary of State. "Every train and every mail brought fresh applications, and millions are represented by the companies asking charters. . . . Mr. R. R. Quay (the son of Senator Quay), who is directly interested in trolley enterprises, flitted back and forth between the various departments." The favor of the political machine seemed to be everywhere regarded as the all-important matter—the terms offered the people, a minor consideration.

❀

The Machinists' Strike More Serious

The prospect of an early settlement of the machinists' strike, which seemed so bright toward the end of May, has since been growing steadily darker. The district arbitration meeting at Chicago which was expected to furnish the basis for a National agreement ended in a wider separation of the contending parties, not only locally, but Nationally. Soon thereafter the National Metal Trades Association issued a circular to the machinery manufacturers of the United States asking them to be present at a convention in New York this week to organize for a decisive conflict with the Machinists' Union. The Union, said the circular, had shown itself unwilling to fulfill its pledge to arbitrate, and negotiations with it were necessarily at an end. This declaration of war was met with a counter declaration from the Machinists' Union assembled in annual convention in Toronto. The latter manifesto laid the entire responsibility for the collision upon the employers, who were charged with breaking faith with the Union in asking a reduction of wages to accompany the reduction of hours. Last year's strike, it was claimed, had been settled upon the understanding that the men were to get their demand for shortened hours without shortened wages, if they gave the employers a year to put the new schedule into operation. In view of the seriousness of the pending struggle with the Metal Trades Association, the Toronto Convention decided not to set a date for making the proposed demand for a nine-hour day in the railway machine-shops. One fight at a time was felt to be all that the organization could carry on. Meanwhile it has begun to collect funds from other unions to support, not its own thirty thousand members on strike, but the twenty thousand non-union machinists

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who struck with them for the nine-hour day.

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Sanitary Tenements a Paying Investment

The annual report of the New York City and Suburban Homes Company shows that a four per cent. dividend has been declared for the year. The Company's buildings in the Borough of Manhattan contain over five hundred apartments, ranging from two to four rooms each and renting at the rate of ninety-three cents a room per week. The cosmopolitan character of the wage-earners of New York is evidenced in the nationalities represented on the rent-rolls: American, German, Swedish, Irish, Bohemian, English, French, Scotch, Cuban, and Hungarian. While all the diseases peculiar to children have appeared in the well-constructed buildings, there were but five deaths in the five hundred homes during the year just closed. Homewood, the suburban property, located in the Borough of Brooklyn, has not made as satisfactory returns as were expected. One hundred houses and two stores were built to be sold on easy monthly installments, with a basis of life insurance guarantee. Sixty of these houses have been sold. The Company has decided to rent the remainder. The extension of the rapid-transit system through the tunnel to Brooklyn will increase, doubtless, the demand for this property among wage-earners whose employment and wages justify the investment in a home. The Company owns land in Manhattan on which improved buildings will be erected at once for the exclusive use of colored people. It has also acquired other land for the further extension of its work. While organized for business purposes, the ethical results of the Company's investment have been what its projectors expected. The standards of tenement-house building have been advanced; and the standards of tenants paying from nine to fifteen dollars a month have been raised, so that their return to the old tenements would be impossible.

❀

"Back to the Land"

The Salvation Army is in the money market with a substantial offer for a praiseworthy purpose. For the enlargement of its colonization work, now fairly guaranteed by three years' successful operation, it wishes to sell $150,000 of bonds bearing interest at five per cent., secured by mortgage on its valuable colony property with a sinking-fund provision of two per cent. annually. The North American Trust Company, 135 Broadway, is the trustee under the mortgage. At Fort Amity, Colorado, in the Arkansas Valley, and at Fort Romie, California, near the Bay of Monterey, the Army has two colonies, aggregating 2,500 acres of irrigated land, on which $70,000 cash has been laid out in improvements, and where 230 colonists are now prosperously engaged in agriculture and stock-raising. At recent agricultural fairs these colonists have been awarded thirty prizes. This property and the credit of the Army, which, while spending $300,000 annually in its charities, has never defaulted an obligation, constitute the security behind the bonds. A third colony is now beginning at Fort Herrick, twenty miles from Cleveland, O. Here a valuable tract of nearly 300 acres is about to be deeded in gift to the Army by the Hon. M. T. Herrick and Mr. James Parmelee. Several hundred suitable families are waiting for enrollment as colonists till the means can be secured to plant them upon the land in ten-acre tracts. Five hundred dollars suffices to equip a family of five with cottage and outfit, the repayment of which with five per cent. interest in a term of years avails to equip another family. High business and professional authority, both East and West, has indorsed the colonization work of the Army as "well managed, practical, and eminently deserving the most generous support." Care is taken, in the selection of colonists, to secure those who either have some competence for farming or are skilled as artisans. While the lowest of the city proletariat is thus not reached, this undertaking to thin out the congested slums by planting out "the landless man on the manless land" is most auspicious as capable of indefinite expansion. The Army desires, in addition to the sale of its bonds to investors, to raise a "Century Endowment Fund" of $100,000 for the same purpose in sums of $10 from donors. Commander Booth-Tucker, 120 West Fourteenth Street, New York, will send to any applicant an account in full detail of

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this movement back to the land. The present assets of the Salvation Army above all liabilities amount to about $686,000.

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The Law about "Corners" It now appears that legal proceedings may have helped to break the "corner" in Northern Pacific Railway securities which recently threw the Stock Exchange into such a panic. It will be recalled that two firms bought a great deal more Northern Pacific stock than was in existence, and that those who sold it to them without owning it were forced to pay as high as $1,000 a share for it in order to fulfill their contracts. Many of the "short" sellers could not fulfill their contracts and were on the verge of bankruptcy when the two firms to which they had sold stock that they did not own suddenly relieved them by offering to accept $150 in lieu of each share called for in the contracts. This offer, which stopped the panic, is now reported to have been prompted in part by legal proceedings. Certain brokers who had sold Northern Pacific "short" at about par, expecting it to go down, and then saw it advancing rapidly toward $1,000, secured a temporary injunction against the enforcement of the contracts they had made to their own ruin. The claim put forward was that the two firms which had bought the proffered stock knew that the sellers could not deliver it, and that therefore—according to old legal principles—the contract was not valid. Whether or not this is good law will not now be determined, as the suit was not pressed; but the whole situation suggests that there ought to be a way to prevent its recurrence other than the fear that courts will interfere to help one set of speculators against another. The selling of stock which the sellers did not own was gambling pure and simple. Had the stock gone down, the sellers would have pocketed their winnings without scruple. Their refusal to pay their "losings" when the stock went up seems to fall short of even gamblers' honor, and the appeal to the courts, however justifiable, is not a satisfactory remedy for the evils involved. What the public wants is the prevention of these purely gambling transactions; and the way to secure this seems to be along the lines of ex-Senator Washburn's anti-option bill which so nearly became law for the produce exchanges: Put no restrictions on the sale of property by its owner, or by any one who has acquired the right to its future ownership, but forbid sales by those who have no title to the property sold. If it is right to prevent by law gambling with poker-chips or a roulette-table, why not to prevent the far more serious gambling operations carried on in stocks which have no existence?

❀

The Edison Storage Battery While it is never safe for laymen and rarely safe for experts to attempt to gauge the industrial importance of an invention not yet in industrial use, the claims made for the new Edison storage battery and the reception accorded these claims by the scientific world make them of great public interest. Hitherto, it may be recalled, the utility of electric storage batteries has been handicapped by their extreme weight, by the length of time required to charge them, and by the rapid deterioration of their cells. It is claimed for Mr. Edison's new invention that by his use of "a novel compound of iron for the positive combined with the same amount of graphite, and a negative of finely divided nickel and graphite," the weight of the storage battery has been reduced to less than one-third, the time required for charging it has been reduced to one-half, and the rapid deterioration now incident to the use of lead cells has been practically done away with. It is asserted that with one charge the new battery will propel an automobile a hundred miles as against the present thirty miles, and that electric motors will soon be much cheaper than horses for all manner of hauling done over city streets. The increased use of automobiles for carrying goods as well as passengers over country roads is also made possible, and the general relegation of the horse from his time-honored place among the useful animals is seriously talked of by some of the heralds of the new invention. Still another possibility of this invention is that by the substitution of portable electric power for steam power—usable only near the generating engine—many kinds of work may be done on farms and in households which must now be brought to the great

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factories. Already the electric trolley and the electric telephone have made life in the country more accessible and more attractive, and the electric storage battery may still further counteract the influence of steam in concentrating population in the cities.

❀

The Canteen At the meeting of the Association of Military and Naval Surgeons last week at St. Paul, Dr. L. L. Seaman, of New York City, made some interesting statements in regard to the canteen question. He not only declared that, as shown by the record of court martials, drunkenness had recently increased threefold, but he astonished his hearers by adding that immorality had increased by one hundred per cent. "When compelled to get their liquor away from the post, the men leave the saloon for the brothel." The surgeons at the St. Paul meeting put themselves on record emphatically for the restoration of the canteen "in the interests of discipline, morality, and sanitation." The zeal of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union to promote the welfare of United States soldiers induced Congress to abolish the canteen, but if Dr. Seaman's statements are substantiated by the data now being collected and systematized by our War Department, Congress will be obliged to reconsider the whole canteen question. As Dr. Seaman has shown, the increase of drunkenness is not the worst evil which has come from the abolishment of the canteen; the alarming additions to the numbers of the incapacitated through grosser evils is the most disheartening outcome of the situation.

❀

The Cuban Convention A reply has been received by our Government from the Cuban Constitutional Convention to the recent communication of the Secretary of War insisting upon the literal acceptance of the terms of the Platt amendment by the Convention. The reply is unfavorable. Our Government refuses to recede from its position, holding that the Executive has no authority to modify an act of Congress, but indicates that it can perhaps abridge the seventh clause by dropping the words at the beginning, "to enable the United States to maintain the independence of Cuba, and to protect the people thereof, as well as for its own defense," and confining the clause to the bare statement that Cuba will sell or lease the lands needed for coaling or naval stations at points to be agreed upon with the President. On Monday of this week the Cuban Convention met again. The delegates supporting the Platt amendment maintain that unless the anti-Platt delegates change their vote the Convention will be dissolved.

❀

General Grant on the Filipinos Replying to questions about the friars in the Philippines, General Frederick Dent Grant, who recently returned from the islands, expressed the firm opinion last week that the friars had not sold their lands, but had turned them over to foreign syndicates so as to hold on to the property and to complicate matters for our Government. The friars, General Grant said, would be obliged to make good their claims to the large estates held by them, as would other property-owners in the islands. Speaking of the acceptation of American ideas by the people of the province over which he had direction, General Grant added that if an election were held to-day, the people would vote to have the United States retain possession of the islands. "I believe that within a year," he continued, "there will be as many of the natives speaking English as ever knew how to read and write Spanish. There were fifty-three towns in my province. When I left, the books of each town were examined, and in every instance there was a surplus in the treasury. . . . We have rescued the people of the Philippines from the barbarism of the fourteenth century. . . . The Filipinos have no idea of the rights of others. They have been trained under a Government which robbed the people gradually. I think that the American people are to be congratulated that so much was accomplished by our army with such a slight loss of life."

❀

The Canadian Parliament The session of the Canadian Parliament just closed abundantly proved that the Government's majority of fifty in a House of two hundred and thirteen members, together with the fact that the pres-

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ent Parliament has more than four years to run, had left the Conservative minority with little encouragement to take aggressive attitudes. On matters of policy there is now really little difference between the two parties. As Sir Charles Tupper lost his seat in the House last November, it became necessary for the Conservatives to choose a new leader, and their choice fell upon Mr. R. L. Borden, one of the members for Halifax. He entered Parliament in 1896. Mr. Borden appears to have filled the position of leader during the session with tact and ability, though his party was, of course, unable to make much real opposition. A parallel is noted, paradoxically enough, in the position of the Liberal opposition in the British Parliament. The Government was authorized to increase the contribution of the Dominion toward the construction of the Pacific cable to $2,750,000, the remaining thirteen-eighteenths of the cost being borne by Australia, New Zealand, and Great Britain. Provision was also made for the establishment of a government assay office at Vancouver, B. C., and the erection of a mint at Ottawa, where henceforth Canadian money is to be coined instead of at London—a gratification to Canadians. One of the sharpest contests of the session arose in the Senate over a bill introduced on behalf of the Bell Telephone Company. In 1892 this Company applied to Parliament for power to increase its capital stock. The request was granted, but a provision was inserted at the time to the effect that the rates then charged by the Company should not be increased without the consent of the Dominion Government. Some time ago the Company had applied to the Government for power to increase its rates, but consent was refused. The Company now sought from Parliament the repeal of the objectionable provision, on the ground that it was not fair to impose on one company a condition not imposed on all others. A powerful lobby was employed to secure the passage of the bill, but the measure was defeated by a decisive majority.

❀

England's Manufacturing Prestige

Lord George Hamilton has stirred nearly all England by his defense of the action of the Indian Government in purchasing locomotives from America. The reason for these purchases, says the Secretary of State for India, was far from being a preference for American products. The prejudices of the Indian officials were all in favor of the English machinery to which they were accustomed, but at the time of the engineers' strike production was blocked in England, and purchase from America was necessary. The first trial of the American locomotives did not seem to promise that they would meet with general favor, but, with one or two adaptations to local needs, they had commended themselves to officials prejudiced against them. The subsequent purchases of American locomotives had been due to their greater cheapness and to the greater promptness with which they could be delivered. If English manufacturers would regain their supremacy, they must, by better organization, better technical education, and continual improvements, prepare to meet American competition at every point. These declarations aroused all England to the discussion of England's prestige in manufacturing. The Conservative papers fell upon the labor unions for preventing improvements by hostility to machinery and insisting that good and bad workmen be paid alike, while all papers, Liberal and Conservative, urged the need of an industrial and educational awakening among the iron masters as well as the iron men. The Secretary of the Amalgamated Steel Association, Mr. John Hodge, promptly replied to the criticisms of the English unions by denying that they had been hostile to new machinery, or had ever insisted upon putting good and poor workmen on the same level. As to the latter charge, his argument is not stated in the cablegrams, but it is doubtless the same that President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, put forward last week when he said that the unions never objected to the payment of more than the minimum scale to individual workmen, and that where all workmen were paid merely the minimum demanded by the union, the employers were responsible. As regards machinery, Secretary Hodge asserted that the slowness of the English in introducing improvements was due to the inertia and false economy of the managers. To these sharp criticisms leveled against the employers, Sir Alfred Hickman,

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ex-President of the British Iron Trade Association, replied that English machinery is being sold in America, despite high tariffs, at the very time when the Indian Government is purchasing American machinery, and that the American locomotives in Egypt have been found to require twenty-four per cent. more coal and twenty-five per cent. more oil than English locomotives. To this last charge an American ironmaster, Vice-President Pitkin of the Schenectady Locomotive Works, replies that while the facts are as stated, the truth is otherwise, since, while the American engines require more oil and fuel per mile, they carry much heavier loads. That the American engines are the more economical is indicated, he says, by the fact that the American engines are making the greater headway in the neutral markets. To laymen it would seem that the judgment of the neutral markets was the judgment of the court of last resort.

❀

Robert Buchanan Robert Buchanan, whose death is announced from London, was one of the most versatile of modern writers. Poems, plays, romances, stories, came from his pen in quick succession. Mr. Buchanan was a man who, trained in the hard school of adversity and self-denial, had overcome many obstacles. He was an untiring worker with a somewhat passionate temper and great facility in involving himself in literary quarrels. Both his prose and his verse showed individuality of gift, but neither in prose nor verse has he left any permanent record of himself.

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Hail-storms in Austria and Italy Five years ago Herr Albrecht Stiger, the burgomaster (mayor) of Windisch-Feistritz, Austria, and a well-known grape-grower, invented a cannon to protect his vineyard from the ravages of hail-storms. His cannon, as we learn from an interesting article by Mr. Eugene Lyle in "Everybody's Magazine," was simply an old locomotive smokestack set on an oak stump, with an opening cut in the side of the stump so that a mortar could be slipped in under the stack. This mortar was loaded with powder, plugged with a cork wad, and fired by a fuse. Within a year there were no less than thirty shooting stations in Herr Stiger's district, and it has not hailed in that region since. The agriculturists of North Italy then took hold of the invention so vigorously that in 1899, the year of the first Anti-Hail Congress, over ten thousand cannon had been installed in Italy. Insurance companies had promptly reduced their rates by one-third. Sixteen hundred delegates attended the second Congress, among them being the most eminent meteorologists and agricultural scientists. The year had shown a seven-fold increase of cannon stations for Italy alone. The European governments are now interesting themselves in the matter—even so small a government as that of Bulgaria installing fifty cannon for experimenting purposes, with a view to placing them over the entire country. If a smoke-ring can unsettle atmospheric conditions which would otherwise result in a hail-storm, Mr. Lyle considers other possibilities of the cannon, such as that of abolishing frost, for instance. An experiment in France in firing cannon horizontally over some fields resulted in making the ground warm and damp, though the surrounding soil was cold and frost-laden. Another instance of the use of this artillery is in fighting grasshoppers; it is claimed that the shot cuts a discouraging swath in the invading swarms. Finally, Mr. Lyle puts the logical question, What might the cannon not do for a cyclone?

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The Chinese Indemnity Last week it was semi-officially announced that the resolution of the foreign plenipotentiaries at Peking not to reduce the Chinese indemnity below four hundred and fifty thousand taels (about $337,000,000) is final. The rumor persists and is not denied that the Chinese Government has accepted this—an indication that the expeditionary expenses of the foreign Powers will be reimbursed. If the Powers will not listen to our Government's proposition to fix the total indemnity at $200,000,000, it is hoped that they will pay some attention to our wishes in the matter of its guarantee and collection. Our dislike of a joint guarantee is based, first, upon the well-grounded fear of an "entangling alliance" to ourselves, especially as the payments of the proposed loan would extend over a

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period of three decades; secondly, the scheme might involve the direct government of China by the Powers and lead to the partition of the Celestial Empire in case of any default in payment. Nor are we the only objectors to a joint guarantee. The British Government has officially stated its position, that, as British credit is the highest in the world and the portion of the Chinese indemnity due to England is small, it would be neither just nor politic to put a British guarantee on all the bonds. Advices from Russia indicate that the Government of that country, having spent more money than has any other Power in a common cause, believes itself to be entitled to define the mode by which it is to be repaid. This conviction is emphasized by the fact that a fortnight since the new Russian loan floated in Paris was enormously oversubscribed. Hence, in the event of the adoption of the plan of separate allotments to each Power, the Russian Government is of the opinion that it could successfully dispose of all the indemnity bonds on its individual guarantee. According to most of the Powers, provision for paying the debt can be made only by increasing the customs dues and taxes. This would lessen the ability of the Chinese to buy goods from foreign lands. The Powers would thus restrict the very market which they wish to develop. It is now understood that the question is likely to be settled by a joint and several guarantee. This will accord with the American view that there should be no joint guarantee in the sense of binding each Government to securing the payment of the entire $337,000,000. It will be joint, however, in the formal aspect of being executed by all of the Powers jointly at the same time, and probably by the same instrument. This instrument will, we hope, include a provision by which each Government is to assume no liability beyond the amount of its own share of the indemnity, which in the case of the United States is limited to $25,000,000.

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The Case of Dr. Herron The Congregational Council called at Grinnell, Iowa, to try the case of Dr. Herron, after considering the evidence on which the decree of divorce was granted against him, and other independent testimony, and his written statement sent to the Council in defense of his cause, passed unanimously the following resolutions:

First, That the charge of immoral and un-Christian conduct is sustained by the findings of the Court which at Algona, on March 21, 1901, granted a decree of divorce to Mary Everhard Herron from her husband on the grounds of cruel and inhuman treatment.

Second, The same charge is further sustained by evidence presented to the Council showing that George D. Herron's manner toward the wife who consecrated her life to the effort to make him happy, relieve him of care, and aid him in what she believes to be his high calling, has been that of unfeeling and selfish indifference, and, at least since 1896, of studied neglect, culminating in a heartless desertion and the final tragedy of divorce.

Third, The same charge is still further sustained by confession contained in the paper written by Mr. Herron in his own defense and read to the Council. In this paper he denies the right of society to sanction or undo the marriage tie between man and woman, presents a view of conjugal relation, of parenthood and the home which is abhorrent to enlightened Christian sentiment and which confirms the Council in the opinion that this action of George D. Herron is simply the criminal desertion of a worthy wife and a devoted mother by a man who has deliberately falsified his marriage vows.

In view of these findings it is

Resolved, That we recommend to the Grinnell Association that the name of George D. Herron be dropped from the roll of membership.

Resolved, That we express our conviction that George D. Herron has forfeited all right to be known by the churches of our faith and order as minister of the Gospel, and that he is by vote of the Council deposed from the Christian ministry.

The evidence before the Council showed that Mrs. Herron was more fully educated than her husband, that she was at least his equal in scholarship in college, and she finished her course while he did not finish his; that she has been a faithful wife and mother, without reproach, relieving him of many of the cares usually shared by the husband; that she was interested in his work, and, so far as could be gathered from her utterances, both public and private, in full accord with his teachings; that even when it became apparent that he was seeking companionship elsewhere she showed no resentment, but endeavored to retain her husband's loyalty by serving him more faithfully. There was also evidence tending to show that the divorce proceedings, while brought

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in the name of Mrs. Herron as plaintiff, were in fact instituted by Mr. Herron, though in his wife's name, against her protest. The petition, the answer, and the decree were all filed on the same day.

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Dr. Herron's Defense The resolutions of the Iowa Council express the deliberate judgment of two tribunals—one secular, one ecclesiastical—that Dr. Herron's treatment of a wife whom all who know her praise has been one of unfeeling and selfish indifference, culminating in a heartless desertion; the truth of these findings should be, and will be, assumed by the public. That truth is not even denied by Dr. Herron, and all the fine phrases of his letter fail to cover or excuse the shame of such a crime. The charge that he has deserted his children seems to touch his pride slightly; but his denial, "I did not desert my children," in one sentence, is followed by one in which he endeavors to justify the desertion on the twofold ground that "children belong first to their mother," and that in this case "the children would choose their mother." The self-condemnation involved in the latter statement he apparently does not realize. The rest of his letter is mainly devoted to a rhetorically worded defense of free love. He inveighs against the present marriage system as a "survival of slavery" which "is filling the earth with falsehood and hypocrisy, misery and soul-disintegration, and is perpetuating the morality of slaves and liars;" and he declares that "it is not the business of society to unite men and women in the marriage relation: love must be set free and liberty must be trusted." This substitution of a self-indulgent sensuality for an ordered and self-denying love as the basis of society is the only principle, if it can be called a principle, which we can gather out of the glittering generalities of Dr. Herron's letter. The rest of it is devoted to a glorification of himself and the woman now living with him as martyrs in a holy cause, a sanctimonious pretense that this act of self-indulgence is in illustration and fulfillment of a high social mission, Pecksniffian expressions of forgiveness toward the Church which condemns him, and the self-complacent declaration that such condemnation "will not fail to disclose the immense and awful gulf between the spirit of Jesus and the Church that claims his name." It would be hard to find, or even to construct, a letter which would equal this letter of Dr. Herron's in serenity of self-conceit, travesty of a Christian Church, and blasphemy of the name of Jesus. Henceforth Dr. Herron is self-exiled from the society of honorable men, and we hope that his name may be omitted from the columns of honorable papers.

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The United Brethren The Twenty third General Conference of the United Brethren in Christ was recently held in Frederick, Md. In connection with the work usually done by this body, which meets every four years, was the commemoration by appropriate exercises of the organizing of the first Conference held a century ago. At that date fourteen German preachers who were affiliated with other churches organized, taking the name of the United Brethren in Christ, and elected two men who should preside over them as bishops—Philip William Otterbein, who belonged to the German Reformed Church, and Martin Boehm, who was a preacher in the Mennonite Church. Some years before this, these two men were preaching to the Germans scattered through Lancaster County, Pa. A meeting was held in a barn about six miles from Lancaster. At this meeting Boehm preached; Otterbein sat listening, and discerned in him a kindred spirit. When Boehm finished speaking Otterbein clasped him in his arms, exclaiming, "Wir sind Brüder" (We are brethren). Unable to restrain their emotions, "all hearts melted into one." This meeting was the starting-point of a movement which culminated in a new religious organization, the United Brethren. The words "in Christ" were added so as to distinguish the new brethren from the *Unitas Fratrum* (the Moravian Church, founded in 1467). The Conference of 1800 was held in a farm-house, about three miles from Frederick, owned by one of this body of "unsectarian" preachers, as they called themselves. In his barn for years church services were held. The first independent church was organized in Baltimore, and there Otterbein preached until his death,

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The General Conference is the lawmaking power of the Church. It elects officers to manage its interests. Its bishops are simply superintendents, who interpret the laws, preside at all the conferences, and look after the general interests of the Church. They go out of office, as do all the others, every four years, and must either be re-elected or give place to their successors. The General Conference was originally composed exclusively of ministerial members. Later a moderate proportion of laymen were admitted. At the Conference just closed the rules were so amended as to make the delegates consist of an equal number of lay and ministerial members. A few years ago the Church opened the way for the licensing of women, and a number have received license.

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The Hebrew Messianic Council

The Hebrew Messianic Council, founded in 1894 to promote Christianity among Jews, and including in its membership prominent names in Boston and vicinity, recently held its first public meeting in that city. The main topic of its varied programme, printed in English with section headings in Hebrew, was "The Hebrew-Christian and the Law of Moses." Its leading aim was to affirm the liberty of the Jew in becoming a Christian to retain and observe the ritual of his fathers, as "typical, emblematic, consoling, and educational"—not at all as obligatory or necessary to salvation. The same historical and national spirit which is to-day reviving the study of the Erse language in Ireland naturally commends the Jew's observance of the ancient customs of Israel. If he can be freed from the apprehension that Christianity requires these to be repudiated, a serious impediment to his conversion would be removed. Such, at any rate, is the belief of those who compose the Messianic Council. With the purpose of securing a convincing expression of Christian sentiment on the point at issue, a circular-letter, inviting reply to the question of Christian liberty involved, was addressed to a large number of representative men a month ago. A curious divergence of opinion appears in the many replies that have been received—British letters for the most part affirming and American denying the obligation of the Hebrew-Christian to renounce the Mosaic customs. The present problem is precisely the opposite of that before the first council of Jews and Gentiles, recorded in Acts xv. A rare scene was witnessed in the "breaking of bread" (Passover bread) at the communion service in Park Street Church. Hebrew-Christian ministers presided, Hebrew-Christian deacons served, and Jews and Gentiles partook together. The Council has at least initiated the discussion of a highly important question. It may be that the relation of the Mosaic to the Christian dispensation is not yet fully apprehended in the Church.

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Outings for Church Poor

The churches of the Borough of Manhattan, New York City, will send about thirty thousand boys, girls, and mothers to the country this summer. This number does not include Sunday-school picnickers. The churches of the Borough of Brooklyn will send about their usual number. The outing work in that borough is not developed as it is in Manhattan. More than half of the thirty thousand will go under the charge of the Children's Aid Society, but most of the children sent out nominally by this Society are furnished from the churches, so that it is church and not wholly Aid Society work. The New York "Times," the authority for the above statement, adds that almost all large Manhattan churches now have some sort of summer home in the country or at the seaside. Churches which a few years ago had no interest in such work have assumed it as part of their regular present task, and the amount of money spent each year steadily increases. At least a hundred thousand dollars will be spent this year, and this does not take account of as much more which has been put into new buildings, additional acres of land, and general improvements. Of the various Churches, the Episcopal sends by far the greatest number of children. According to the "Times," Trinity Parish alone sends about four thousand. Grace Home, at New Canaan, represents Grace Church. St. Thomas's gives a two weeks' outing to the boys of the chapel in July and to the girls in August; the home at East Marion, Long Island, was rebuilt last summer, and

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since the death of the late rector, the Rev. Dr. Brown, has been called the Brown Memorial; it accommodates two hundred persons. Heavenly Rest Parish has rebuilt its summer home at Copake, N. Y., at a cost of $3,000. St. James's Parish has just completed a new summer home at East Norwalk, Conn.; it cost $12,000, and will accommodate sixty children at one time. Other Episcopal parishes doing this work extensively are the Incarnation, St. Bartholomew's, Ascension, Holy Communion, and Zion and St. Timothy. Next to the Episcopalians in this respect come the Presbyterians. Almost equal to Trinity Parish in the number of children it sends out, says the "Times," is the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst pastor. The number is above three thousand annually, and will be increased this year. The University Place, the Brick, the West End, and the North Presbyterian Churches have special summer work. Baptists are also vigorously entering upon such summer work. The Judson Memorial Church in Washington Square leads; it has rented this year a large house at Red Bank, N. J. Methodists and Congregationalists are also commendably increasing their work in this line.

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British Unitarians The seventy-fifth anniversary of the American Unitarian Association at Boston, in May, 1900, made its mark in organizing the International Council of Unitarian and other religious workers and thinkers, to promote a general forward movement of the Unitarian churches. The seventy-sixth anniversary of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association at London, in May, 1901, was notable partly for the first meeting of this Council, and partly for a spirited girding of effort for the tasks of the new century. The international gathering included delegates from India, Japan, the United States, and nearly all European countries. The anniversary sermon by the veteran Stopford Brooke was a noble affirmation of "the primal truths of Christ's Gospel." He had seen a wonderful advance in theology since he came to London forty-five years ago. "The Evangelicals were now, on the whole, as broad as those they attacked in 1860, and High Churchmen had published books which made the prosecution of 'Essays and Reviews' ridiculous." The difficult task of liberal theology had been to close with the proved truths of science and criticism, without yielding any root ideas of Christian faith, or impairing conviction of the reality of the spiritual world. This had been achieved, and "the struggle of the present century would be to flood the whole of life with the passionate forces that spring from the cardinal truths of the Gospel." For him there was "no Christianity without Christ;" love to whom was the driving force of all Christian conviction. A remarkable paper was also presented by Mrs. Humphry Ward on "The Preservation of the Christian Ideal amid Changing Forms of Thought." At the meeting of the Sunday-School Association its President struck the same high note as Dr. Brooke, affirming the needfulness above all things of a living relation to Christ. It appears that an effective propaganda is carried on there as here in the diffusion of Unitarian literature and in the correspondence of the "Postal Mission" with inquirers attracted by advertisements. A testimonial, which has already reached the sum of five thousand dollars, is about to be presented to Dr. Brooke Herford, who has completed his fiftieth year in the ministry.

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Missions in Egypt When the English definitely established their occupation of Egypt, a Church of England religious mission, medical mission, and hospital were organized at Cairo, and since then many stations have been organized among the fellahîn of the country. These stations were easily established, since for many years the British and Foreign Bible Society and the American Bible Society had introduced the Scriptures printed in the Arabic tongue throughout the Nile Valley far beyond the confines of Egypt proper into Nubia and the Sudan. The Egyptian mission, however, in which Americans and all other Christians may well take peculiar satisfaction is that of the United Presbyterians of this country. This mission was begun nearly half a century ago at Cairo. Three years after this beginning they established themselves also at Alexandria on the coast, and six years later at Assiût, an important town

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on the Nile half-way from the coast to the Nubian frontier. Three years later they entered the Fayûm, that fertile district away from the Nile and contrasting strangely with the wild Western Desert all about it. In this way a spiritual conquest of Egypt was begun, and to-day the United Presbyterians have two hundred mission stations throughout the country. Most of the work is done by native helpers, and it is well done. Since the British occupation the mission has trebled the number of its members and adherents.

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Livingstone's Work Goes On

The years which have elapsed since Livingstone's death in 1873 have seen a marvelous progress in the suppression of slavery and the advance of general civilization in that part of Africa near the place where he laid down his life. From the first he had declared that the abolition of the slave trade must be the initial step in the reformation of Africa. The missionaries of Nyasaland, says Mr. Maclachlan in his just-published biography of Livingstone, had not been long at work before this conviction was borne in upon them with painful insistence. In the year of Livingstone's death the British Government had induced the Sultan of Zanzibar to prohibit the exportation of slaves from his dominion, and, while it was understood that this was merely a nominal abolition, it was at least an earnest of better things. Yet only at its source in the interior of the continent, namely, in the regions around Lakes Nyasa and Tanganyika, could the traffic be effectively grappled with. The Sultan's later proclamations, however, were of little avail; slavers in the interior contemptuously ignored the decrees of a potentate by the sea who was unable to enforce them. In 1885 the Berlin Conference declared the prohibition of the slave trade in Central Africa. Still the raiding and bloodshed went on; the slavers seemed roused only to more reckless depredation. The Portuguese became correspondingly more resolved in their policy of exclusion. Not only did they lay claim to the Zambesi as a purely Portuguese river, but they insisted that all Nyasaland was theirs by virtue of perfunctory explorations alleged to have been carried out centuries ago. On the other hand, British claims were based upon the fact that a British explorer, David Livingstone, had not only discovered Nyasaland, but had traversed it in many directions; that British missionaries had made their way into it at much sacrifice of life, had settled there, and had introduced Christianity and civilization among the natives; that British industry and capital had made roads, planted trading stations, and had supplanted the old slave trade by lawful commerce. In 1889 a powerful Portuguese force crossed the Ruo River and began to lay violent hands on a part of Nyasaland. The British Government demanded the instant recall of the expedition. The Portuguese yielded, and Nyasaland was made a British Protectorate. Then came to pass that for which Livingstone had labored. The new government not only killed the slave trade but also prohibited the sale of gunpowder and liquor to the natives. Coffee-planting was introduced, and the shareholders in coffee plantations are now realizing a substantial interest on their capital. In 1870 Livingstone complained that his last letters from home were three years old. Now the telegraph and the telephone traverse the country, and there is every prospect that the Cape-to-Cairo railway will be an accomplished fact in the near future.

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Sir Walter Besant

The death on Sunday of this week of Sir Walter Besant at his home at Hampstead, after a fortnight's illness from influenza, was wholly unexpected so far as his friends and readers in this part of the world were concerned; no intimation of any illness had reached America.

Born in Portsmouth in 1838, he studied at King's College, London, to prepare himself for the pulpit. His career in that college, and afterwards at Christ's College, Cambridge, was distinguished for attainment in scholarship. He abandoned his intention of becoming a clergyman, and in 1861 was appointed senior professor in the Royal College of Mauritius, a post which he held for six years, resigning and returning to England on account of ill health. His earliest book, "Studies in Early French Poetry,"

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was published in 1868, and for several years afterwards the influence of his interest in French literature was apparent in the subjects about which he wrote. His collaboration with James Rice began in 1871 and continued until the death of Rice, eleven years later. The novelists were successful in interesting the reading public, Rice being very ingenious in the invention of plots, while Sir Walter furnished largely literary construction and style; but the latter did not produce his best work until after the death of Rice and the resumption of his own individual manner. Among the novels written by Sir Walter alone were "The Revolt of Man," "The Captain's Room," "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "All in a Garden Fair," "Dorothy Foster," "Uncle Jack," "Children of Gibeon," "The World Went Very Well Then," "The Bell of St. Paul's," "Armorel of Lyonnesse," "St. Katherine's by the Tower," "The Ivory Gate," "The Rebel Queen," "Beyond the Dreams of Avarice," "The Master Craftsman," "The City of Refuge," "A Fountain Sealed," and "The Changeling."

"All Sorts and Conditions of Men" is perhaps the best known of Sir Walter's romances. The story of its relation to the People's Palace in the East End of London has frequently been told, and is one of the striking illustrations in our own time of the service which the man of letters often renders to the causes which he has at heart. Sir Walter was greatly interested in the history of London and in its varied and profoundly significant life. He has told its story with great picturesqueness, and has described many of its vital phases with sympathy and full knowledge. He was a prolific writer, work of all sorts coming from his pen in a continuous stream. Readers of The Outlook have had the opportunity of reading in its columns some of his most characteristic writing.

Sir Walter was not only deeply interested in literary work, but he took an active part in all the questions affecting literary property and the rights of writers. He was the editor of "The Author," a monthly magazine devoted to the interests of literary men, specially of young writers, in whom Sir Walter always found particular attractiveness. On the organization of the Society of Authors he was elected its first chairman, and was re-elected, holding the office for four years. Sir Walter also ardently promoted the cause of international copyright, not only for its own sake but especially as emphasizing the essential unity of England and America in the traditions of literature.

Although by no means a novelist of the first rank, Sir Walter Besant was a writer of very considerable gifts, thorough education, broad human sympathies, and tireless industry.

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Educational Matters

The educational events of the season are in several instances of great importance, and are occupying large space in the newspapers. The attention given to educational matters by the press is a significant sign of the times; it shows how widespread is the interest in American schools and colleges, and how intimate is the relation between the higher institutions of learning and the popular life of the country. Among the many disquieting and discouraging signs of the times this is one upon which the pessimist will do well to fasten his attention; people do not care for colleges unless they care for something more than the amassing of fortunes and the development of trade. The increasing wealth of the country is paying increased tribute to education, and it is not, therefore, indifferent or unsensitive to the highest interests of civilization. These claims it will recognize with increasing intelligence. Wealth without commensurate education would produce the most uninteresting society in this country which the world has yet seen. The greater in bulk and variety the material to be handled, the more pressing the need of that culture which alone enables men to discern the spiritual uses of tools and materials of every kind.

Mr. Carnegie's gifts to libraries have been so many that the newspapers have almost ceased to record them. Every such gift has been a contribution to the educational resources of the country, but Mr. Carnegie's contribution of nearly ten millions of dollars for Scottish education marks a new departure in his vast beneficence, and may not improbably mark a new epoch in the division of wealth with

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learning. Before the conditions on which the gift were made were understood there was evident reluctance in some quarters to accept so large a sum, and there was in other quarters frank criticism; but further explanations have made it clear that Mr. Carnegie has acted with his usual sagacity, and that he has made his gift, under the advice of those who know Scotland best, subservient to the interests not only of the Scottish people but of the Scottish universities. Full details of the scheme have yet to be received, but it is apparently certain that a considerable part of the fund is to be used in increasing the teaching facilities of the universities by strengthening the faculties, that another portion will be spent upon the secondary schools, and that a part only of the money will be used for the establishment of free university scholarships. Scotland has always been the home of education of a very high order; in no other country except the United States have there been so many romances of education, so many emancipations of able young men, through their own efforts, from ignorance and hard conditions into knowledge and generous opportunities. But Scotland has never been rich, and Mr. Carnegie's noble remembrance of his mother country will greatly aid universities which need larger capitalization, as well as young Scotchmen of every kind and rank to whom the doors of the highest education will be thrown open. Probably one of the best results of the gift will be its reaction upon England, where the universities are suffering from the depreciation of landed properties, the fall of rents, and other causes which have greatly lessened their incomes. Mr. Carnegie's example is likely to be followed by prosperous Englishmen in the form of substantial gifts to Oxford and Cambridge.

In this country gifts of private individuals to colleges and schools are so numerous and large that they have almost ceased to attract attention. The Outlook has commented on the gift of Mr. Rockefeller for the purpose of endowing research, and has pointed out its significance. It is greatly to be hoped that other men of wealth will turn their attention in this direction, and that the next few years will see an immense enlargement of the foundations upon which original research is conducted in America. American scholarship needs fostering on this side. Brown University has been enriched by the gift of the John Carter Brown Library by the trustees of the will of the late John Nicholas Brown. This library is one of the most valuable collections of Americana in existence, and has had the benefit of very skillful cataloguing and arrangement, so as to bring its treasures within reach of students in American history and literature. In addition to this magnificent gift, the donors are to erect a building at a cost of $150,000, and to endow the library to the extent of $500,000. The library is roughly valued at $500,000, and the entire gift, therefore, amounts to about $1,150,000. At the last Commencement of the University President Faunce announced that $1,000,000 had been added to the permanent funds of the institution. During the winter it was further announced that Mr. Rockefeller had offered the University $250,000 on condition that its friends raise $750,000 in addition; it is probable that the gift of the trustees of the Brown Library complies with this condition, and will secure for the University the sum offered by Mr. Rockefeller, thus completing the extraordinary record of more than two millions of dollars added to the endowment of the University during the first two years of President Faunce's administration.

The most important facts, however, in connection with colleges will always be those which relate to the teaching force; for great institutions are made by men, not money; great institutions cannot, however, secure the highest efficiency and do their work on a proper scale unless they have large funds at their disposal. The retirement of Dr. Gilman from the presidency of the Johns Hopkins University is an event of National interest, for Dr. Gilman's services to education, although rendered largely in Baltimore, have been of National consequence; he has left a permanent impression on the higher education of the country. The appointment of Professor Remsen, of the same institution, as his successor is a promotion which was foreseen by many who knew the inner history of the University; the doubt seems to have been with regard to Professor Remsen's willingness to change the form of his work. For many years he has stood in the front rank

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of American chemists, and has organized the chemical department of the University with unusual skill. It does not always happen that a great scientist or a great teacher has also the capacity for organization. It is this capacity, tested on several occasions at the University, which has led to the appointment of Professor Remsen, and which gives the assurance that in him the educational work of the institution will not only be held where it has been from the beginning, but that it will be conducted successfully through the difficult period through which it is now passing.

The retirement of President Carter from the presidency of Williams College after his administration of twenty years, notable for thoroughness, high standards, and conscientious work, has already been commented upon in these columns. At a time when college presidents are tempted to make a use of advertising opportunities out of keeping with the dignity of institutions of learning, President Carter has been conspicuous for his loyalty to the old traditions of dignified and sound scholarship. He has represented that element of culture so eminently needed in this country, and so often lacking even in institutions of higher learning; and he will carry into his retirement the deep appreciation of all those who know how single-minded and deep-hearted his service to Williams College has been.

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Much Ado About Nothing

The young professor in a Western university who was recently reported to have declared that college women do not make good wives has promptly and conclusively refuted the very foolish statement put into his mouth. It would have been amusing, if it had not been discouraging, to note the eagerness with which many newspapers rushed upon this young man without once stopping to verify his reported utterances. It looked very much as if there were a serious lack of topics, and as if the opportunity to pounce upon a victim who could not reply was too rare and sweet to be foregone.

Two things should always be borne in mind. In the first place, no man ought ever to be held responsible for any newspaper report of his utterances. In very many cases sentiments are put into his mouth which he never expressed; in many more cases what he actually said is so distorted that its meaning is not only obscured but reversed; and in a few cases interviews which never took place are fabricated, and statements which were never made are purposely invented. Under all circumstances a man has a right to be asked whether he has been correctly reported before anybody accepts the reports of his speeches, and especially before any one attempts to sit in judgment upon them. This professor was entitled to the presumption that he was innocent until he was proved guilty; and a telegraphic report in a newspaper is never proof of guilt; suspension of judgment is the only right attitude towards all reports of this sort. This is only an application of the rule that one ought never to believe anything derogatory of another until he has convincing evidence that it is true; with the further modification that the newspaper, being compelled to print its news very hastily and from a variety of sources, is always open to serious errors and misstatements.

In the second place, such sweeping statements are never worthy of serious consideration. Burke declared that it was impossible to indict a whole people; it is equally impossible to pass an intelligent judgment on a whole class or group of persons, and absurd to pass on a whole sex. The man who declares, without qualification, that any group of women are this, that, or the other, is not entitled to serious notice; if he is noticed, it is evidence of a lack of subjects or a lack of sound perspective on the part of those who take him to task. The time has long passed for condemning college women in any form; and there never has been a time when the wisest man could say with any degree of truth that this or that class of women were fit or unfit for marriage; if there is any matter which is one of individual qualification, marriage is certainly that matter.

Now that the little whirlpool of dust which gathered about the young teacher and obscured him for the time being in a haze of nonsense has passed away, it is wise to reflect that it was a very unintelligent little storm, brewed strictly for journalistic purposes, and entirely without

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significance in the general climatic condition of the country.

❀

The Spectator

When the Spectator was a boy, the maps of the Western Territories of the United States had a peculiar fascination for him—that wide area called the Great American Desert, upon which was printed, "This vast unexplored region of country is supposed to be inhabited by tribes of Indians." Ah, the charm in that "supposed to be"! How different to the adventure-loving boy of to-day the fine maps of those regions as given in the standard atlases!

❀

The Spectator had been reading on the train recently (the Empire State express speeding through the wide farmlands of New York State) what recalled the old map of the Western Territories. This little planet of ours, when its every remote nook and corner has been thoroughly explored and accurately mapped, will have lost its greatest charm for many. And so of Mars—and the other side of the moon. "Unexplored regions"—how fast they are disappearing! But, please, Mr. Spectator, how much do you really know of what life is like to the inhabitants of these little villages so seemingly out of the great world—to the dwellers in those lonely houses on the bleak hillsides—to these barefooted children by the cross-roads school-house watching the Empire State express fly past? How much does the average New Yorker, or the resident of any large city whose knowledge of life on a farm or in a small village has been gained mainly as a summer visitor, really know what it is to live, on scanty allowance, in the farming regions bordering our great railroads? "Unexplored regions, supposed to be inhabited by"—are our suppositions less fanciful, on the whole, than were those of the Jesuit fathers, for instance, when they wrote in their Relations what they supposed to be a true portraiture of the savages of New France?—those supposed-to-be converts to the most holy faith? When there is nothing more to discover, it was suggested to the Spectator, in interior Asia, South America, and the polar regions, will there not remain a field of exploration not many miles away from the Grand Central Station?

❀

When the Spectator is inclined to go into retreat for a season, he knows of no better place than a little village in western New York, one of the old canal towns, so called, which in the palmy days of "Clinton's big ditch" was a commercial center of no small importance. Now its abandoned wharves have nearly disappeared, and its great warehouses have toppled over or been converted into Italian tenements, the railway station, a mile away, having changed the place entirely. Like the most of the old canal towns, it seldom lets a visitor forget that it has seen better days—those days when several Red Bird packets, four horses each, a bugle playing on deck, stopped there every day, the continuous lines of heavily laden transportation boats passing through the heart of the village making it "a very different place, sir, from what it has been since the railroad killed the canal."

❀

One thing the little village has now which it must have been very poor without fifty years ago, even with its Red Birds and bustling wharves—a model public school, that priceless acquisition which few of the small villages of the Empire State are without, and which the Spectator would ask those who are given to bestowing patronizing pity upon the dwellers in the small villages along the line of the New York Central to remember hereafter. Not only a model school-house, but, what is better, a model school—the one thing, seemingly, which unifies the whole community in a common interest and special pride. Indifferent as most of the villagers are to lack of proper sewerage, to poor sidewalks, and to a prevalent disregard of sanitary precautions, they stand as one for the greatest good of their public school, with its park-like grounds gay with flower-beds, with its trees and song-birds, the special care of the children.

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One school belfry—to whose summons there is scarcely ever a dissentient voice—and five church steeples. The bells of three of the steeples, ringing their best on a Sunday morning, succeed but poorly in half filling any one of the five houses of

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worship. The average congregation, if combined in one, would not greatly overcrowd the largest church building of all. Perhaps at this point the Spectator is expected to discourse upon church unity, upon what these five struggling congregations might learn from the one public school; but that is not the topic he has been meandering away from. He has recently attended the Commencement exercises of this model school. Possibly he expected too much—something commensurate with the differences between the Red Bird packets and the Empire State express—the old log school-house and that steam-heated, perfectly ventilated and lighted model public school. And he found himself longing to hear the old "pieces" spoken again—"On Linden when the sun was low," "Marco Bozzaris," and Mark Antony's oration, with the old pit-a-pat, possibly, when the girls went up to read their compositions.

❀

What was it the Spectator was missing? What was it that had so utterly disappeared? Where was the old-time diffidence which used to make Last Day a severe ordeal even for the big boys, and a terrible strain upon the girls who must mount the platform to read "compositions"? What blasé indifference for the audience! how perfectly accustomed they all were "to speak in public on the stage"! There were no signs of stage fright—the platform, plainly, had become an important part of modern education.

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Was the programme an improvement on that of Last Day fifty years ago? A quartette of the littlest girls, to begin with, tripped out like old performers, each with a flag held high, singing the "Star-Spangled Banner," very much as they might have rendered "Mary had a little lamb." Then, too, "What has become of the old-time spontaneity?" the Spectator asked. In the Delsartian exercise of posturing to music, twenty of the older children attitudinizing in what to one of the audience at least was a grotesque materialization of the Lord's Prayer, a child forgot herself sufficiently to yawn in quite a natural way, much to the relief of the Spectator. The impersonating of the Weather Bureau flags somewhat lessened one onlooker's discontent, but it returned when "All the birds of the wildwood" were hopping across the stage, flapping their wings and piping each its own song—one overgrown, oafish lad drowning every other note in his droll mimicry of the crow.

❀

And not one of the old "pieces." More welcome, by far, to the Spectator, than all that was played upon the piano and violin by the pupils that day, and well played, too, would have been "Chained in the market-place he stood," or, better yet, "Spartacus." All, all are gone, the old familiar "pieces." But the school-girl composition is left, and unchanged. How is it, the Spectator was asking, that these girls express themselves no better than their grandmothers did when forced to discourse upon astronomy, or something else they knew almost nothing about, and that long before special training in writing compositions had been made a specialty in our public schools? If any one doubts the assertion, let him read a collection of the average "compositions" of to-day—those submitted in a competition for a prize by the pupils of any typical public school.

❀

The Spectator acted as umpire lately in such a competition; and he doth hereby stoutly affirm that the "composition" of these latter days is no better and no worse than those read with so much sinking of heart at the Last Day exhibitions of forty years ago. Notable have been the changes in the world's geography since then, prodigious the progress of educational systems, and most thorough the exploration of unknown regions; but the "composition" is still the same, all in all, as when our grandmothers at Last Day exhibitions read in inaudible, quavering voices their answers to such hard questions as "Is Mrs. Sigourney or Mrs. Hemans the greater poetess?" or emphasized their views upon "The Importance of Correct Deportment." One of the essays submitted to the Spectator in the contest aforesaid was upon Rudyard Kipling—evidently an "unexplored region" to the writer, save from the outlook of "supposed to be," the very feature in which for the Spectator still abideth the saving charm of the average school "composition."

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THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN[1]

An Autobiography

BY JACOB A. RIIS

Author of "How the Other Half Lives," "A Ten Years' War," etc., etc.

Chapter VIII.—Early Married Life; I Become an Advertising Bureau; On the "Tribune"

IT was no easy life to which I brought home my young wife. I felt it often with a secret pang when I thought how few friends I had to offer her for those she had left, and how very different was the whole setting of her new home. At such times I set my teeth hard and promised myself that some day she should have the best in the land. She never with word or look betrayed if she, too, felt the pang. We were comrades for better or worse from the day she put her hand in mine, and never was there a more loyal and faithful one. If, when in the twilight she played softly to herself the old airs from home, she broke off with a smothered sob that was not for my ear, and shortly our kitchen resounded with the most tremendously energetic housekeeping on record, I did not hear. I had drunk that cup to the dregs, and I knew. I just put on a gingham apron and turned in to help her. Two can battle with a fit of homesickness much better than one, even if never a word is said about it. And it can very rarely resist a man with an apron on. I suppose he looks too ridiculous.

Besides, housekeeping in double harness was a vastly different matter from going it single. Not that it was plain sailing by any manner of means. Neither of us knew anything about it; but we were there to find out, and exploring together was fine fun. We started fair by laying in a stock of everything there was in the cook-book and in the grocery, from "mace," which neither of us knew what was, to the prunes which we never got a chance to cook because we ate them all up together before we could find a place where they fitted in. The deep councils we held over the disposal of those things, and the strange results which followed sometimes! Certain rocks we were able to steer clear of, because I had carefully charted them in the days of my bachelorhood. In the matter of sago, for instance, which swells so when cooked. You would never believe it. But there were plenty of unknown reefs. I mind our first chicken. I cannot to this day imagine what was the matter with that strange bird. I was compelled to be at the office that afternoon, but I sent my grinning "devil" up to the house every half-hour for bulletins as to how it was getting on. When I came home in the gloaming, it was sizzling yet, and my wife was regarding it with a strained look and with cheeks which the fire had dyed a most lovely red. I can see her now. She was just too charming for anything. With the chicken something was wrong. As I said, I don't know what it was, and I don't care. The skin was all drawn tight over the bones like the covering on an umbrella frame, and there was no end of fat in the pan that we didn't know what to do with. But our supper of bread and cheese that night was a meal fit for a king. My mother, who was a notable cook, never made one so fine. It is all stuff about mothers doing those things better. Who cares, anyhow? Have mothers curls of gold and long eyelashes, and have they arch ways? And do they pout, and have pet names? Well, then, are not these of the very essence of cookery, all the dry books to the contrary notwithstanding? Some day some one will publish a real cook-book for young housekeepers, but it will be a wise husband with the proper sense of things, not a motherly person at all, who will write it. They make things that are good enough to eat, but that is not the best part of cooking by long odds.

There is one housekeeping feat of which Elisabeth says she is ashamed yet. I am not. I'll bet it was fine. It was that cake we took so much trouble with. The yeast went in all right, but something else

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went wrong. It was not put to soak, or to sizzle, in the oven, or whatever it was. Like my single-blessed pancake, it did not rise, and in the darkness before I came home she smuggled it out of the house; only to behold, with a mortification that endures to this day, the neighbor-woman who had taken such an interest in our young housekeeping, examining it carefully in the ash-barrel next morning. People *are* curious. But they were welcome to all they could spy out concerning our household. They discovered there, if they looked right, the sweetest and altogether the bravest little housekeeper in all the world. And what does a cake matter, or a hen, or twenty, when only the housekeeper is right?

In my editorial enthusiasm for the new plan there was no doubtful note. The "beats" got a rest for a season while I transferred my attention to the boarding-house. My wife teases me yet with those mighty onslaughts on the new enemy. Having clearly made him out by the light of our evening lamp, I went for him with might and main, determined to leave no boarding-house through the length and breadth of the land, or at least of South Brooklyn. "Ours," I cried, weekly, "to fulfill its destiny, must be a nation of homes. Down with the boarding-house!" and the politicians applauded. They were glad to be let alone. So were the beats who were behind in their bills, and whose champion I had unexpectedly become. A doughty champion, too, a walking advertisement of my own prescription; for I grew fat and strong, whereas I had been lean and poor. I was happy, that was it; very, very happy, and full of faith in our ability to fight our way through, come what might. Nor did it require the gift of a prophet to make out that trying days were coming; for my position, again as the paid editor of my once "owners," the politicians, was rapidly becoming untenable. It was an agreement entered into temporarily. When it should lapse, what then? I had pledged myself when I sold the paper not to start another for ten years in South Brooklyn. So I would have to begin life over again in a new place. I gave the matter but little thought. I suppose the old folks, viewing it all from over there, thought it trifling with fate. It was not. It was a trumpet challenge to it to come on, all that could crowd in. Two, we would beat the world.

Before I record the onset that ensued, I must stop to tell of another fight, one which in my soul I regret, though it makes me laugh even now. Non-resistance never appealed to me except in the evil-doer who has been knocked down for cause. I suppose it is wicked, but I promised to tell the truth, and—I always did like Peter for knocking off the ear of the high priest's servant. If only it had been the high priest's own ear! And so when the Rev. Mr.—no, I will not mention names; he was Brother Simmons's successor, that is what grieves me—when he found fault with the "News" for being on sale Sundays, if I remember rightly, and preached about it, announcing that "never in the most anxious days of the war had he looked in a newspaper on the Sabbath;" and when ill luck would have it that on the same Sunday I beheld his reverence, who was a choleric man, hotly stoning a neighbor's hen from his garden, I drew editorial parallels which were not soothing to the reverend temper. What really ailed Mr. —— was that he was lacking in common sense, or he would never have called upon me with his whole board of deacons in the quiet of the Sunday noon, right after church, to demand a retraction. I have no hope that a sense of the humor of the thing found its way into the clerical consciousness when I replied that I never in the most exciting times transacted business on Sunday; for if it had, we would have been friends for life. But I know that it "struck in" in the case of the deacons. They went out struggling with their mirth behind their pastor's back. I think he restrained himself with difficulty from pronouncing the major excommunication against me, with bell, book, and candle, then and there.

About that time I saw advertised for sale a stereopticon outfit, and bought it without any definite idea of what to do with it. I suppose it ought to be set down as foolishness and a waste of money. And yet it was to play an important part in the real life-work that was waiting for me. Without the knowledge which the possession of it gave me, that work could not have been carried out as it was. That is not to say that I recommend every man to have a magic lantern in his cellar, or

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the promiscuous purchase of all sorts of useless things as though the world were a kind of providential rummage sale. I should rather say that no effort to in any way add to one's stock of knowledge is likely to come amiss in this world of changes and emergencies, and that Providence has a way of ranging itself on the side of the man with the strongest battalions of resources when the emergency does come. In other words, that to "trust God and keep your powder dry" is the plan for all time.

The process of keeping mine dry came near blowing up the house. My two friends, Mackellar and Wells, took a sympathetic interest in the proceedings, which was well, because, being a druggist, Wells knew about making the gas and could prevent trouble on that tack. It was before the day of charged tanks. The gas we made was contained in wedge-shaped rubber bags, in a frame with weights on top that gave the necessary pressure. Mackellar volunteered to be the weight, and sat on the bags, at our first séance, while Wells superintended the gas and I read the written directions. We were getting along nicely when I came to a place enjoining great caution in the distribution of the weight. "You are working," read the text, "with two gases which, if allowed to mix in a certain proportion, have the force and all the destructive power of a bombshell." Mackellar, all ear, from fidgeting fell into a tremble on his perch. He had not dreamed of this; neither had we. I steadied him with an imperative gesture.

"Sit still," I commanded. "Listen! 'If, by any wabbling of the rack, the pressure were to be suddenly relieved, the gas from one bag might be sucked into the other, with the result of a disastrous explosion.'"

We stood regarding each other in dumb horror. Mackellar was deadly pale.

"Let me off, boys," he pleaded, faintly. "I've got to go to the station to turn out the men." He made a motion to climb down.

Wells had snatched the book from me. "Jack! for your life don't move!" he cried, and pointed to the next paragraph in the directions:

"Such a thing has happened when the frame has been upset, or the weight in some other way suddenly shifted."

Mac sat as if frozen to stone. Ed and I sneaked out of the back door on tiptoe to make for downstairs, three steps at a time. In less time than it takes to tell it we were back, each with an armful of paving-stones, which we piled up beside our agonized comrade, assuring him volubly that there was no danger if he would only sit still, still as a mouse till we came back. Then we were off again. The third trip gave us stones enough, and with infinite care we piled them, one after another, upon the rack as the Captain eased up, until at last he stood upon the floor, a freed and saved man. It was only then that it occurred to us that we might have turned off the gas in the first place, and so saved ourselves all our anguish and toil.

I can say honestly that I tried the best I knew how to get along with the politicians I served, but in the long run it simply could not be done. They treated me fairly, bearing no grudges. But it is one thing to run an independent newspaper, quite another to edit an "organ." And there is no deceiving the public. Not that I tried. Indeed, if anything, the shoe was on the other foot. We parted company eventually to our mutual relief, and quite unexpectedly I found my lantern turning the breadwinner of the family. The notion of using it as a means of advertising had long allured me. There was a large population out on Long Island that traded in Brooklyn stores and could be reached in that way. In fact, it proved to be so. I made money that fall traveling through the towns and villages and giving open-air exhibitions in which the "ads" of Brooklyn merchants were cunningly interlarded with very beautiful colored views, of which I had a fine collection. When the season was too far advanced to allow of this, I established myself in a window at Myrtle Avenue and Fulton Street and appealed to the city crowds with my pictures. So I filled in a gap of several months, while our people on the other side crossed themselves at my having turned street fakir. At least we got that impression in their letters. They were not to blame. That is their way of looking at things. A chief reason why I liked this country from the very beginning was always that it made no difference what a man was doing, so long

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as it was some honest, decent work. I liked my advertising scheme. I advertised nothing I would not have sold the people myself, and I gave it to them in a way that was distinctly pleasing and good for them; for my pictures were real works of art, not the cheap trash you see nowadays on street screens.

The city crowds were always appreciative. In the country the hoodlums made trouble occasionally. We talk a great deal about city toughs. In nine cases out of ten they are lads of normal impulses whose resources have all been smothered by the slum; of whom the street and its lawlessness, and the tenement that is without a home, have made ruffians. With better opportunities they might have been heroes. The country hoodlum is oftener what he is because his bent is that way, though he, too, is not rarely driven into mischief by the utter poverty—æsthetically I mean—of his environment. Hence he shows off in his isolation so much worse than his city brother. It is no argument for the slum. It makes toughs, whereas the other is one in spite of his country home. That is to say, if the latter is really a home. If it is not, there is nothing to wonder at. And there is only one cure, then—an almighty thrashing.

There ought to be some ex-hoodlums left in Flushing to echo that sentiment, even after a quarter of a century. From certain signs I knew, when I hung my curtain between two trees in the little public park down by the fountain with the goldfish, that there was going to be trouble. My patience had been pretty well worn down, and I made preparations. I hired four stout men who were spoiling for a fight, and put good hickory clubs into their hands, bidding them restrain their natural desire to use them till the time came. My forebodings were not vain. Potatoes, turnips, and eggs flew, not only at the curtain, but at the lantern and me. I stood it until the Castle of Heidelberg, which was one of my most beautiful colored views, was rent in twain by a rock that went clear through the curtain. Then I gave the word. In a trice the apparatus was gathered up and thrown into a wagon that was waiting, the horses headed for Jamaica. We made one dash into the crowd, and a wail arose from the bruised and bleeding hoodlums that hung over the town like a nightmare, while we galloped out of it, followed by cries of rage and a mob with rocks and clubs. But we had the best team in town, and soon lost them.

Vengeance? No! Of course there was the ruined curtain and those eggs to be settled for; but, on the whole, I think we were a kind of village improvement society for the occasion, though we did not stay to wait for a vote of thanks. I am sure it was our due all the same.

Along in the summer of 1877 Wells and I hatched out a scheme of country advertising on a larger scale, of which the lantern was to be the vehicle. We were to publish a directory of the city of Elmira. How we came to select that city I have forgotten, but the upshot of that latest of my business ventures I am not likely to forget soon. Our plan was to boom the advertising end of the enterprise by a nightly street display in the interest of our patrons. We had barely got into town when the railroad strikes of that memorable summer reached Elmira. There had been dreadful trouble, fire and bloodshed, in Pennsylvania, and the citizens took steps at once to preserve the peace. A regiment of deputy sheriffs were sworn in, and the town was put under semi-martial law. Indeed, soldiers with fixed bayonets guarded every train and car that went over the bridge between the business section of the town and the railroad shops across the Chemung River.

Our ill luck—or good; when a thing comes upon you so unexpectedly as did that, I am rather disposed to consider it a stroke of good fortune, however disguised—would have it that the building we had chosen to hang our curtain on was right at the end of this bridge which seemed to be the danger point. From the other end the strikers looked across the river, hourly expected to make a movement of some kind, exactly what I don't know. I know that the whole city was on pins and needles about it, while we, all unconscious that we were the object of sharp scrutiny, were vainly trying to string our sixteen-foot curtain. There was a high wind that blew it out over the river despite all our efforts to catch and hold it. Twice it escaped our grasp. We could see a crowd of strikers watching us on the other side. The deputies who held

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our end of the bridge saw them too. We were strangers; came from no one knew where. They must have concluded that we were in league with the enemy and signaling to him. When for the third time our big white flag was wafted toward the shops, a committee of citizens came up from the street and let us know in as few words as possible that any other place would be healthier for us just then than Elmira.

In vain we protested that we were non-combatants and engaged in peaceful industry. The committee pointed to the flag and to the crowd at the further end of the bridge. They eyed our preparations for making gas askance, and politely but firmly insisted that the next train out of town was especially suited for our purpose. There was nothing to be done. It was another case of circumstantial evidence, and in the absence of backing of any kind we did the only thing we could: packed up and went. It was not a time for trifling. The slaughter of a number of militiamen in a Pennsylvania round-house that was set on fire by the strikers was fresh in the public mind. But it was the only time I have been suspected of sympathy with violence in the settlement of labor disputes. The trouble with that plan is that it does not settle anything, but rakes up fresh injuries to rankle indefinitely and widen the gap between the man who does the work and the man who hires it done so that he may have time to attend to his own. Both workmen, they only need to understand each other and their common interests to see the folly of quarreling. To do that they must know one another; but a blow and a kick are a poor introduction. I am not saying that the provocation is not sometimes great; but better not. It does not do any good, but a lot of harm. Besides, if we haven't got to the point yet where we can settle our disputes peaceably by discussion, the fault is not all the employer's by any manner of means.

We jumped out of the ashes into the fire, as it turned out. At Scranton our train was held up. There were torpedoes on the track; rails torn up or something. For want of something better to do, we went out to take a look at the town. At the head of the main street was a big crowd. Untaught by experience, we bored our way through it to where a line of men with guns, some in their shirt-sleeves, some in office coats, some in dusters, were blocking advance to the coal company's stores. The crowd hung sullenly back, leaving a narrow space clear in front of the line. Within it a man—I learned afterward that he was the Mayor of the town—was haranguing the people, counseling them to go back to their homes quietly. Suddenly a brick was thrown from behind me and struck him on the head.

I heard a word of brief command, the rattle of a score of guns falling into as many extended hands, and a volley was fired into the crowd point blank. A man beside me weltered in his blood. There was an instant's dead silence, then the rushing of a thousand feet and wild cries of terror as the mob broke and fled. We ran with it. In all my life I never ran so fast. I would never have believed that I could do it. Ed teased me to the day of his death about it, insisting that one might have played marbles on my coat-tails, they flew out behind so. But he was an easy winner in that race. The riots were over, however, before they had begun, and perhaps a greater calamity was averted. It was the only time I was ever under fire, except once when a crazy man came into Mulberry Street years after and pointed a revolver at the reporters. I regret to say that I gave no better account of myself then, and for a man who was so hot to go to the war I own it is a bad showing. Perhaps it was as well I didn't go, even on that account. I might have run the wrong way when it came to the scratch.

We were not yet done suffering undeserved indignities on that trip, for when we got as far as Stanhope, on the Morris and Essex road, our money had given out. I offered the station-master my watch as security for the price of two tickets to New York, but he bestowed only a contemptuous glance upon it and remarked that there were a good many fakirs running about the country palming off "snide" gold watches on people. Our lantern outfit found no more favor with him, and we were compelled to tramp it to the village in Schooley's Mountains where my wife was then summering with our baby. We walked all night, and when at dawn

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we arrived, had the mortification of being held up by the farmer's dog, who knew nothing about us. He walked alongside of me all that day, as I was pushing the baby-carriage up hill, eying me with a look that said plainly enough I had better not make a move to sneak away with the child. Wells went on to the city to replenish our funds.

And here I take leave of this loyal friend in the story of my life. A better one I never had. He lived to grow rich beyond his boldest dreams, but his wealth was his undoing. It is one of the sore spots in my life—and there are many more than I like to think of—that when he needed me most I was not able to be to him what I would and should have been. We had drifted too far apart then, and the influence I had over him once I had myself surrendered. It was so with Charles. It was so with Nicholas. They come, sometimes when I am alone, and nod to me out of the dim past: "You were not tempted. You should have helped!" Yes, God help me! it is true. I am more to blame than they. I should have helped and did not. What would I not give that I could unsay that now! Two of them died by their own hand, the third in Bloomingdale.

I had been making several attempts to get a foothold on one of the metropolitan newspapers, but always without success. That fall I tried the "Tribune," the city editor of which, Mr. Shanks, was one of my neighbors, but was told, with more frankness than flattery, that I was "too green." Very likely Mr. Shanks had been observing my campaign against the beats and thought me a dangerous man in those days of big libel suits. I should have done the same thing. But a few weeks after he changed his mind and invited me to come on the paper and try my hand. So I joined the staff of the "Tribune" five years after its great editor had died, a beaten and crushed man, one of the most pathetic figures in American political history.

They were not halcyon days, those winter months of reporting for the "Tribune." I was on trial, and it was hard work and very little pay, not enough to live on, so that we were compelled to take to our little pile to make ends meet. But there was always a bright fire and a cheery welcome for me at home, so what did it matter? It was a good winter despite the desperate stunts sometimes set me. Reporters on general work do not sleep on flowery beds of ease. I remember well one awful night when word came of a dreadful disaster on the Coney Island shore. Half of it had been washed away by the sea, the report ran, with houses and people. I was sent out to get at the truth of the thing. I started in the early twilight and got as far as Gravesend. The rest of the way I had to foot it through snow and slush foot deep in the face of a fierce storm, and got to Sheepshead Bay dead beat, only to find that the ice and the tide had shut off all approach to the island.

I did the next best thing; I gathered from the hotel-keepers of the Bay an account of the wreck on the beach that lacked nothing in vividness, thanks to their laudable desire not to see an enterprising reporter cheated out of his rightful "space." Then I hired a sleigh and drove home through the storm, wet through—"I can hear the water yet running out of your boots," says my wife—wet through and nearly frozen stiff, but tingling with pride at my feat.

The "Tribune" next day was the only paper that had an account of the tidal wave on the island. But something about it did not seem to strike the city editor just right. There was an unwonted suavity in his summons when he called me to his desk, which I had learned to dread as liable to conceal some fatal thrust.

"So you went to the island last night, Mr. Riis," he observed, regarding me over the edge of the paper.

"No, sir! I couldn't get across; nobody could."

"Eh!" He lowered the paper an inch, and took a better look; "this very circumstantial account—"

"Was gathered from the hotel-keepers in Sheepshead Bay, who had seen it all. If there had been a boat not stove by the ice, I would have got across somehow."

Mr. Shanks dropped the paper and considered me almost kindly. I saw that he had my bill for the sleigh-ride in his hand.

"Right!" he said. "We'll allow the sleigh. We'll allow even the stove, to a man who owns he didn't see it, though it is pretty steep." He pointed to a

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paragraph which described how, after the wreck of the watchman's shanty, the kitchen stove floated ashore with the house-cat alive and safe upon it. I still believe that an unfriendly printer played me that trick.

"Next time," he added, dismissing me, "make them swear to the stove. There is no accounting for cats."

But, though I did not hear the last of it in the office for a long time, I know that my measure was taken by the desk that day. I was trusted after that, even though I had made a mistake.

In spite of it, I did not get on. There was not a living in it for me, that was made plain enough. We were too many doing general work. After six months of hard grubbing I decided that I had better seek my fortune elsewhere. Spring was coming, and it seemed a waste of time to stay where I was. I wrote out my resignation and left it on the city editor's desk. Some errand took me out of the office. When I returned it lay there still, unopened. I saw it, and thought I would try another week. I might make a strike. So I took the note away and tore it up, just as Mr. Shanks entered the room.

That evening it set in snowing at a great rate. I had been uptown on a late assignment, and was coming across Printing-House Square running at top speed to catch the edition. The wind did its part. There is no corner in all New York where it blows as it does around the "Tribune" building. As I flew into Spruce Street I brought up smack against two men coming out of the side door. One of them I knocked off his feet into a snowdrift. He floundered about in it and swore dreadfully. By the voice I knew that it was Mr. Shanks. I stood petrified, mechanically pinning his slouch hat to the ground with my toe. He got upon his feet at last and came toward me, much wrought up.

"Who in thunder—" he growled angrily and caught sight of my rueful face. I was thinking I might as well have left my note on his desk that morning, for now I was going to be discharged anyhow.

"Is that the way you treat your city editor, Riis?" he asked, while I handed him his hat.

"It was the wind, sir, and I was running—"

"Running! What is up that set you going at that rate?"

I told him of the meeting I had attended—it was of no account—and that I was running to catch the edition. He heard me out.

"And do you always run like that when you are out on assignments?"

"When it is late like this, yes. How else would I get my copy in?"

"Well, just take a reef in when you round the corner," he said, brushing the snow from his clothes. "Don't run your city editor down again." And he went his way.

It was with anxious forebodings I went to the office the next morning. Mr. Shanks was there before me. He was dictating to his secretary, Mr. Taggart, who had been witness of the collision of the night before, when I came in. Presently I was summoned to his desk, and went there with sinking heart. Things had commenced to look up a bit in the last twenty-four hours, and I had hoped yet to make it go. Now it was all over.

"Mr. Riis," he began, "you knocked me down last night without cause."

"Yes, sir! But I—"

"Into a snowdrift," he went on, unheeding. "Nice thing for a reporter to do to his commanding officer. Now, sir! this will not do. We must find some way of preventing it in the future. Our man at Police Headquarters has left. I am going to send you up there in his place. You can run there all you want to, and you will want to all you can. It is a place that needs a man who will run to get his copy in and tell the truth and stick to it. You will find plenty of fighting there. But don't go knocking people down—unless you have to."

And with this kind of an introduction I was sent off to Mulberry Street, where I was to find my life-work. It is twenty-three years since the day I took my first walk up there and looked over the ground that has since become so familiar to me. I knew it by reputation as the hardest place on the paper, and it was in no spirit of exultation that I looked out upon the stirring life of the block. If the truth be told, I think I was, if anything, a bit afraid. The story of the big fight the "Tribune" reporter was having on his hands up there with all the other papers had long been

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echoing through newspaperdom, and I was not deceived. But, after all, I had been doing little else myself, and, having given no offense, my cause would be just. In which case, what had I to fear? So in my soul I commended my work and myself to the God of battles who gives victory, and took hold.

Right here, lest I make myself appear better than I am, I want to say that I am not a praying man in the sense of being versed in the language of prayer or anything of that kind. I wish I were. So, I might have been better able to serve my unhappy friends when they needed me. Indeed, those who have known me under strong provocation—provocation is *very* strong in Mulberry Street—would scorn such an intimation, and, I am sorry to say, with cause. I was once a deacon, but they did not often let me lead in prayer. My supplications ordinarily take the form of putting the case plainly to Him who is the source of all right and all justice, and leaving it so. If I were to find that I could not do that, I should decline to go into the fight, or, if I had to, should feel that I were to be justly beaten. In all the years of my reporting I have never omitted this when anything big was on foot, whether a fire, a murder, a robbery, or whatever might come in the way of duty, and I have never heard that my reports were any the worse for it. I know they were better. Perhaps the notion of a police reporter praying that he may write a good murder story may seem ludicrous, even irreverent, to some people. But that is only because they fail to make out in it the human element which dignifies anything and rescues it from reproach. Unless I could go to my story that way I would not go to it at all. I am very sure that there is no irreverence in it—just the reverse.

So I dived in. But before I did it I telegraphed to my wife:

"Got staff appointment. Police Headquarters. Twenty-five dollars a week. Hurrah!"

I knew it would make her happy.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The Rights of Man

A Study in Twentieth Century Problems

By Lyman Abbott

X.—American Domestic Problems

II.

WHAT are the relations of what we call the political machine to a democratic government?

We are accustomed to say that we elect, that is, choose, our officers; but that is a mistake. Originally the fathers proposed that we should elect a certain number of Presidential electors; these electors would gather together at Washington or in their several States, and would determine who should be our President. We think we have abolished the electoral college. No, we have substituted another electoral college. No one supposes that the Convention that met at Philadelphia nominated Mr. McKinley. We all knew that Mr. McKinley was selected before the Convention met. No one supposes that the Convention which gathered at Kansas City selected Mr. Bryan; we all knew that Mr. Bryan had been selected before the Convention met. A small body of gentlemen, more or less intelligent, patriotic, disinterested—if you please, the ablest, the most patriotic, the most disinterested men in the country, for their personal or political character has nothing to do with the method of nomination—met together and decided that Mr. McKinley was the man the Republican party should nominate for President. And another small body of men similarly selected Mr. Bryan for the Democratic candidate. The one body of men organized primaries, out of which grew the one Convention which came together ready to shout itself hoarse when Mr. McKinley was proposed; the other body of men organized primaries, out of which grew another great Convention which came together ready to shout itself hoarse when Mr. Bryan was proposed. And then the people went to the polls; if a voter did not like Mr. McKinley, he could vote for

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Mr. Bryan; if he did not like Mr. Bryan, he could vote for Mr. McKinley; and if he did not like either Mr. McKinley or Mr. Bryan, he could vote for Mr. Debs. In point of fact, in State and Nation, our officers are primarily selected for us by a small, self-appointed committee, and the people at the polls exercise a veto power over their selection.

This is partly a result of having an ignorant and an uninterested voting population. A great body of voters who either do not know or do not much care about candidates, and do not know or do not much care about political questions, will necessarily follow a leader or leaders, whoever the leaders may be, and will do whatever the leaders tell them to do. Universal suffrage, if it is exercised by men who are either ignorant or indifferent respecting political principles and political duties, necessarily means government by an irresponsible oligarchy; though the majority have this recourse, that they can, whenever they please, turn the oligarchy out of office; whereupon a new and sometimes better oligarchy takes its place. This is called overturning the machine. In short, the actual results of democratic institutions do not justify the very optimistic expectations of Jeremy Bentham as Mr. Leslie Stephen has interpreted them to us in his admirable volumes on "The English Utilitarians:"

> There are two primary principles: the "self-preference" principle, in virtue of which every man always desires his own greatest happiness; and the "greatest happiness" principle, in virtue of which "the right and proper end" of government is the "greatest happiness to the greatest number." The "actual end of every government, again, is the greatest happiness of the governors." Hence, the whole problem is to produce a coincidence of the two ends, by securing an identity of interest between governors and governed. To secure that we have only to identify the two classes, or to put the government in the hands of all. In a monarchy the ruler aims at the interest of one—himself; in a "limited monarchy" the aim is at the happiness of the king and the small privileged class; in a democracy the end is the right one—the greatest happiness of the greatest number. . . . The people will naturally choose "morally apt agents," and men who wish to be chosen will desire truly to become "morally apt," for they can only recommend themselves by showing their desire to serve the general interest. "All experience testifies to this theory," though the evidence is "too bulky" to be given. Other proofs, however, may at once be rendered superfluous by appealing to "the uninterrupted and most notorious experience of the United States."[1]

There are three answers to that very optimistic argument. The first is Senator Clark, of Montana; the second is Senator Quay, of Pennsylvania; the third is Richard Croker, of New York.

What we have to do is, in the first place, to diminish the ignorant, the uninterested and careless class of voters; in the second place, to increase the power of the interested and thoughtful class of voters. The first is to be accomplished, not by a formal educational or property qualification, because the formal property qualification is liable to develop a class which cares more for property than it does for fundamental principles, and because a formal educational qualification is always liable to be misused and misconstrued. Make it a rule that a man must read the Constitution of the United States in order to vote, and the judges of elections will be rigid in their interpretation of the intellectual qualifications of one voter, and lax in their interpretation of another. Add the provision that he must also understand the Constitution, and Democratic judges will be sure to think that a Republican voter does not understand, and Republican judges will be sure to think that a Democratic voter does not understand. What is needed is an automatically working ballot which will not only compel thought but also consideration and interest—which will exclude not only the ignorant but also the careless voter. In Maryland to-day there is a proposal pending for the use of an Australian ballot without any party emblems upon it.[2] Simply the names of the men to be voted for are upon the ticket. The man who cannot read the name cannot vote the ticket, for he will not know for whom he is voting. The man who does not care enough about politics to inquire about the candidates cannot vote, for he will have no emblem to guide him. A ticket so constructed that every man who votes it must know who the men are whose names are on the ticket, and what they

[1] "The English Utilitarians," by Leslie Stephen. Vol. I. Jeremy Bentham, pages 284–286.

[2] This has been adopted since this article was written, and it is reported that the adoption of this ballot has already caused the opening of night-schools to teach illiterate voters to read, that they may not be excluded from the polls.

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represent, would automatically exclude from the polls a large proportion of those who are careless voters, and practically all absolutely ignorant voters. This is the advantage of the Australian ballot, and I have no wish to see it supplemented by any such provision as that in New York State, which allows to the man who declares that he cannot read and write the right to take a political friend with him to show him how to read and how to mark his ballot.

The other remedy is to increase the power of the careful and interested voters; and this is to be done by enabling them to nominate as well as to elect their officers. And this nomination of officers is to be brought about by what is known as the direct primary.

It is idle to tell busy men that they ought to go to the primaries: idle because they are busy men; idle because politics takes all the time they can now give to it out of their business and personal affairs; idle because, when they get to the primary, they find a slate made up for them for which they must vote, or vote in solitary grandeur against it. There may be exceptions, but, generally speaking, the primary as at present conducted is a contrivance for enabling a few men to determine for whom the many may vote.

The direct primary does away with such primaries and with the delegate conventions which grow out of them. On certain conditions prescribed by the law, any person may announce himself, or be announced, as a candidate for any office. On the day of registration every voter, when he registers, drops a ballot in the box which indicates whom he elects to be the candidate of his party. The person receiving the greatest number of Republican votes becomes the Republican candidate, the person receiving the greatest number of Democratic votes becomes the Democratic candidate; the same principle applies to the candidates of other parties, including any who choose to regard themselves as Independents. The best way to indicate both the method and its results is to give a concrete illustration of its operation in a single instance:

The direct method of voting at primaries was first adopted by the Republican party in this county in 1897. It is called the Crawford County system, deriving its name from the county first to adopt it. Any member of the Republican party, by registering his name with the Republican County Committee, can become a candidate for the nomination for any office he may elect. All the members of the party, on a day stated, vote, as in elections, directly for the man of their choice. There are often as many as five or seven candidates for the same nomination. The ones receiving the highest number of votes for the different offices are declared to be the nominees of the party. Under the delegate system an aspirant for political office secured the consent of the boss. Under the present system this would injure the candidate's chances of success. Under the delegate system the consent of the boss was given in return for contributions assessed according to the emoluments of the respective offices. The money thus pooled was used in buying the votes of a sufficient number of the delegates to control the convention. These delegates were chosen by about one-fifth the entire vote of the party. How vicious, corrupt, and oligarchical this system had become is illustrated by an editorial in the Scranton (Pa.) "Truth" of September 8, 1897, immediately after the last of the Conventions, reporting that the price of a delegate was in the neighborhood of two hundred dollars, and that something like twenty thousand dollars had been spent in controlling the Convention.[1]

The writer from whose report this account is taken is authority for the statement that the nomination of Captain James Moir, as Mayor, by the direct primary system cost him $98.50, and he adds that "the greatest compliment that can be paid him is that he is the kind of a man who could never have been nominated under the old system." In the primary election by which he was nominated 7,000 votes were cast. In South Carolina, out of 120,000 possible white voters, over 90,000 participated in a direct primary for Governor. These facts indicate the three advantages of the direct primary: first, the number of voters who participate in it; second, the removal of temptation to bribery by the removal of the necessity for it; third, the improvement in the character of candidates, who are willing to accept a nomination spontaneously given by all the people, but are not willing to enter into competition for a nomination by a committee of professional politicians.

The evils of democracy are mostly due to corruptions or adulterations of democracy; the general remedy for the evils of democracy is more democracy. Democracy does not mean merely universal suf-

[1] Letter from Mr. Arthur Dunn, of Scranton, Pa., quoted in The Outlook of December 8, 1900, pages 861-2.

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frage; it means the universal exercise of judgment, conscience, and common sense by every man in the community. And we have not given a fair trial to democracy until every member of the community is brought to exercise and act upon his own judgment, not merely to ratify and confirm the judgment of another. A ballot which automatically excludes the ignorant and the indifferent voter, and a direct primary which enables all voters who are not ignorant and indifferent to participate in the nomination of candidates, will not constitute a panacea nor exclude all corrupt or inefficient officials from the Republic; but, by decreasing the power of the ignorant and the indifferent, and increasing the power of the intelligent and the interested, much can be done to overthrow the oligarchy which now too often wears the democratic mask, and pretends to be the servant while it is really the master or "boss" of the people.

The fifth problem is presented by the question, What are the rights of a minority in a democratic State?

The theory of paternalism in government is simple of statement though difficult of application. The father is not merely the guardian of his children, he is their guide, their superior, their lawgiver, in a word, their final authority. To them he is taste, judgment, conscience. "Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right," says Paul. That is, this is the children's righteousness. In the early days of childhood this authority of the father is necessarily exercised in every department of life and over every act. The father determines what shall be the food and the clothing, he regulates the hours of sleep, of play, of study; he decides whether the child shall go to school, to what school, and during what hours; whether the child shall go to church, to what church, and on what occasions. He takes the child's earnings, if he earns anything, and directs their expenditures. He is not merely a protector of the child from the wrongs of others, but is the child's supreme arbiter in every question of life. Only gradually, as the child comes into the possession of a taste, a judgment, and a conscience of its own, is it set free from this supreme and pervasive authority of its father.

In a paternal government this principle is more or less consistently applied, whether the government be monarchic, oligarchic, or aristocratic. It is assumed that one or a few men of superior wisdom and superior righteousness direct the destinies and the lives of the community and its members. This paternal government therefore decides what the people may eat and what they may wear; it regulates the cost and character of the garments permitted to different classes; it decides what their worship shall be; it establishes one church by law and prohibits another; it fixes the limits allowed in education, and determines what shall be both the minimum and the maximum for the pupils; it regulates the hours of industry for the laborer, and the wages which he may receive; it leaves in the hands of the common people barely enough money for their subsistence, and spends the rest, theoretically for the benefit of the entire community; it subsidizes theaters, pensions authors, promotes one trade, discourages or prohibits another trade. In all this it is assumed that the government has the superior wisdom of the father, and that the people are children. It was demonstrated in the French Revolution that this paternal despotism may be exercised as despotically by a majority in a nominally democratic community as by a monarchy or an aristocracy. The Jacobin programme required dealers in grain to offer the grain publicly for sale, to bring it every week to market, to keep no more on hand than was needed for personal subsistence, to sell at the price fixed by the State, to go on with their business at this price, whatever peril of bankruptcy might be imminent by reason of their conformity to the standard; and all these laws were enforced by the death penalty. In a similar spirit, it took charge of the education of the children, determined the curriculum, required all teaching to conform to the Revolutionary morality, and its representative thinkers affirmed that all ought, "under the sacred law of equality, to receive the same clothing, the same food, the same education, the same attention." M. Taine has set forth with great specification these characteristics of the Jacobin programme in his work on the French Revolution.

But we have seen that democracy, at least American democracy, is in theory

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wholly inconsistent with this theory of paternalism. It assumes, not that every man is competent to take care of his own interests, but that it is safer to intrust them to him than to any guardian. It similarly assumes that the people of each locality are better able to take care of their own local interests than are those of any other locality. It thus denies the postulate of paternalism that one man, or class of men, is possessed of a superior intelligence or virtue which fits him to provide for the interests and control the conduct of other men or classes of men. There is some reason for the assumption that a king, an oligarchy, or an aristocracy especially selected may be more competent to regulate the affairs of the mass of the community than they are to regulate their own affairs, as the father is more competent to regulate the life of his child than the child is to regulate his own life; but there is no reason whatever for the assumption that the majority in a community are more competent to regulate the affairs of individuals than the individuals are to regulate their own affairs. Theoretically, an argument can be made for the doctrine that a king should take the earnings of his subjects and direct them to the general good of the community; but no theoretical argument can be found for the doctrine that the majority of the community should take the earnings of the individual and spend them for the general good. Some argument can be made, theoretically, for the doctrine that a king may advantageously, by sumptuary law, regulate the attire or the food of his subjects, but none theoretically for the doctrine that a majority may, by sumptuary laws, regulate the food and attire of the individual. "Democracy," says M. Taine, "in its nature and composition, is a system in which the individual awards to his representatives the least trust and confidence; hence it is the system in which he should intrust them with the least power."[1]

The history of the United States, however, illustrates the truth that democracies in America have not always recognized this principle, still less have they always consistently acted upon it. The majority has frequently assumed the functions of a paternal government, although the postulate on which those functions are assumed by a paternal government are wholly inconsistent with the postulate of democracy. Two instances may serve to illustrate this general fact.

Last February a serious effort was made to pass a subsidy bill in aid of American commerce. This subsidy bill, if enacted, would give nine millions of dollars a year, four-fifths of which would be paid to four great corporations. If the expenditure were equally divided among all the voters, it would cost each voter a little over fifty cents a year. Whatever advantage America might derive through its shipping from such a subsidy, it is evident that the bill is founded upon an assumption that the majority can make better use of the fifty cents of each taxpayer for his benefit than he can make of it for himself. This fifty cents will not be paid to protect his person, or his property, or his reputation, or his family, or his liberty. It will be paid theoretically to enhance the general prosperity of the community, practically to promote activity in a single industry and add to the welfare of the comparatively few who are engaged in it. The few who will divide the nine millions of dollars a year between them are greatly interested in securing the passage of such a bill. The many who will contribute each a comparatively insignificant sum toward the nine millions of dollars a year are not greatly interested in defeating it. Thus, such legislation, through the concentrated and active interest of the few, outweighing the comparatively insignificant interest and comparatively practical indifference of the many, is very apt to succeed in a democratic government; but it is based upon the notion that the representatives of all the people are better able to judge what is the pecuniary interest of each of the people than each individual is to judge for himself. The subsidizing of ships belongs with a system which gives pensions to authors and newspapers, subsidies to theaters, tithes to churches and ministers. It does not belong to a system in which the function of government is that of protection, and the political assumption of the government is that every man can spend his money for himself better than government can spend it for him.

The same problem is presented by the attempted domination over the conscience

[1] "The French Revolution," Vol. III., page 100.

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of the individual by the conscience of the majority. My objection to prohibitory laws is not that they cannot be enforced, but that they ought not to be enforced. A local community may legitimately agree that it will allow no sale of liquor except for medicinal purposes within its bounds. It may do this, not because even the local community has a right to determine that men shall not drink alcohol, but because the public sale of alcohol entails, in poverty, disorder, and crime, burdens upon the community against which they have a right to protect themselves, as they have a right to protect themselves against contagious disease. But the right of a State to prohibit all sale of liquor except for medicinal purposes presents an entirely different question. Has a rural county in Maine, which thinks the saloon is an injury, a right to prohibit the saloon to the people of Bangor or Portland, who entertain a different opinion? If so, on what is that right based? It is not based on their right to protect themselves, for drunkenness and disorder in Portland or Bangor inflicts an insignificant amount of injury upon the inhabitants of the remote rural county. It must be based on the supposed right of the majority to impose their conscience on the minority, to determine for them what is safe and right, to act toward them *in loco parentis;* and this right of the majority to act *in loco parentis* toward the minority is fundamentally antagonistic to the essential principle of a democracy, which is founded upon local self-government.

The American statute-books are full of illustrations of this attempt by the majority to act as judgment and conscience for the minority or for the individual. It is not always easy to draw the line between such legislation as is necessary for the protection of the many against the ignorance, the incompetence, or the lawlessness of the few, and action of the many undertaking to regulate the conduct of the few in accordance with their supposed highest interest, or with supposed moral laws. But a self-governing democracy can never depart, without peril of injustice, from the principle that the function of law, uttered by authority and enforced by power, is, with rare, if any, exceptions, to be confined, in a democracy, to the protection of person, property, family, reputation, and liberty; and whenever the majority, passing beyond this boundary, endeavors, from either pecuniary or conscientious motives, to regulate the expenditures or the conduct of the minority according to a standard of judgment or conscience which the majority has set up, it is acting in violation of the fundamental principle that every man is to be left free, in a self-governing community, to regulate his own conduct, provided he does not impair the rights or injure the well-being of his neighbor.

The Soul of Things: Sans Watch and Sans Pocketbook

By Charles Wagner

IN ancient times no one knew the exact hour. Time was counted, *grosso modo*, on sun-dials, or by means of very imperfect hour-glasses. If the sun veiled his face, or the slave charged with the turning of the hour-glass went to sleep, that hour was lost. In order to find it again, one had to go to one's neighbors, or wait for a sky without clouds, when the sun, the great regulator of chronology, fixed the time of midday for you.

To-day everybody has a watch. Watches are to be had for all prices and in all sizes. Some of them, at the end of a stout chain, could, if well slung, be used as a weapon of defense. They recall by their size the famous onions of Nuremberg. Others are so small that we could swallow them without danger. By melting all the precious metal they contain we could hardly get enough to gild the incisor of an American. These little watches, no larger than a nut, are nested in necklaces, belts, bracelets, and even in rings. But, alone, this army of watches

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does not suffice us. We add to the little portable instruments the great artillery of clocks—clocks for the mantel, for the tower, the innumerable multitude of alarm clocks and other devices in the way of horologes.

But, for all these, are we better informed as to time? That is to be questioned. So many watches go idly, go astray, not to speak of those which do not go at all. Nevertheless, we are supposed to know the time, day and night. If the ancients kept up only with the hour, we are up to the minute, the second.

With the organization of our life this is indispensable. To know the hour of the train, the boat, lyceums, boarding-schools, barracks, administration, etc., is a condition of regular activity. In the midst of the daily movement, in that buzzing hive called civilized life, a man who does not know the time is a man lost.

Time treads on our heels, hurries us. Look at those men running along, consulting from time to time their watches, gazing anxiously at the clocks on buildings, in shops, each one of which—O torture!—indicates a different hour. Their train is about to start; the gate of their school to shut; the bank where they expect to get some money to close; the overseer of their factory will find them. They are slaves of time, and not one of them can for a single instant forget the famous proverb, Time is money. Let us not be foolish enough to disown it ourselves. All the same it is permissible to own that this tyranny of time is insupportable. Have you ever taken a meal in a railway eating-room?—expedited in ten or fifteen minutes a dinner, measured by the sinister call of the head waiter, "Ten minutes more; five minutes more"? These railway dinners are the image of our hurried, harassed existences. I always have a desire to call back at this butler of the fateful face, this Saturn of the little foot: "Go away, go away with your minutes!"

In a reunion of friends, where one is talking and relaxing one's self for an hour, if any one pulls out a watch, I think it should be confiscated. What! because we are born in the nineteenth century shall we be forced to have always over our head the threat of the hour that is going or the one that is coming? Shall the tick-tack of a clock dominate all other music? Must we be fastened to this tormenting idea of time, as insects in a collection are pinned to a cork in cases?

Well, no. It is one of the rights of man to throw off from time to time the harness of counted days, and to live forgetful of the striking hour. However numerous be the envied pleasures in the obtaining of which we make life bitter for each other, I abandon them all to you. Is there one that is worth the forgetting of the hour, while we wander at will through the forests or on the strand of some lonely beach? To the tempter who should come to me in one of these isolated spots and offer to let me read the hour on a first-class chronometer, and offer to give me the chronometer to boot, I should say, "Retro, Satanas!"

A certain watchmaker, who proved to be also a sorry jester, procured for me, for the space of a month, the advantage of not having a watch. A douse of sea-water had overtaken mine, and it stopped on the instant. Sea-baths, it seems, are fatal to these little machines. Under pretext of repairing the damage, the malicious artist to whom the watch was carried kept it for weeks. Should I ever see it again? I queried, as I began to tire of the pleasure of separation from it. But, in the meantime, I owed to the incident some exquisite impressions. I had whole days without seam or cut in them; vast days when it seemed that time had ceased to flee and was making a pause. Then, as one has sometimes to preoccupy one's self with knowing whether it is the eating or the sleeping hour, I owed to it also the discovery of signs that served to mark time. What a commonplace, not to say foolish, way, to have to pull one's watch out of the pocket to verify that it is forty minutes past five! Nothing could be drier, more prosaic. How much more poetical and interesting to say, It is such and such an hour, because the shadows are lengthening, the flowers are closing, the rabbits commencing to leave their hiding-places, the fish coming to the surface, the moon rising, the chickens going to roost! When one has his watch, he ends by never looking for or never seeing such signs, not only charming in themselves but keeping us in contact with the great universal life about us. The time becomes an abstraction, a mathematical

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quantity, a skeleton. It loses the hue and seal of living things.

I advise every one at times to hang his watch on a nail, unless he prefers to carry it to the pawnbroker. Moreover, to facilitate the experiment that I enjoyed, I declare my readiness to furnish the address of my watchmaker.

There are many things that benumb the heart, or harden it insensibly. One of them is the inveterate habit of having money. When this habit reaches back to ancestors, and atavism takes a hand in it, the case is all the worse for us. I look upon it as a happy chance, the passing accident that comes from time to time and cuts the thread of such a terrible habit.

The more familiar one becomes with money, the less one knows of its value and of its rôle in life. Is it going too far to say that our purse is one of those friends whom we should distrust as much as we do an enemy? Not only is it too complaisant, too ready always to settle the bill of our imprudences, our extravagances, our follies, not only does it offer a perpetual temptation to weak characters, but it is also an insulator. It prevents us from feeling keenly another's misery. From having had money at all times, one ends by thinking that it is against nature not to have it, and one runs the risk of looking upon poverty as an aberration, if not an imposition.

Happy is he who loses his pocketbook or is relieved of it by a skillful rogue. At the moment he will complain, will groan, but the trial is a salutary one, the lessons it conveys are precious. No contents of any pocketbook are so valuable.

First of all there is the agreeable side of this accident, the honey, I may say, in the calix. You have just had your pocket picked. If you are in the land of acquaintances, everybody hastens to your assistance. One pays your fare in the omnibus, another takes you off to breakfast with him; here money is loaned you, there some one even offers you his purse. Do these testimonials count for nothing? One could get on very well without them, you say. But that is not the real bottom of your thought. Whosoever has not a bad heart loves to know that some one cares for him, that, if need be, some one would deprive himself of something for him.

For all that we like to make ourselves out positive, skeptic, unfeeling men, a little kindness stirs our heart to depths where the pocketbook counts for nothing. Nevertheless, if it be written that you are to lose your pocketbook, pray that it be on a neighborly shore. On a foreign soil and amid strangers it would be so different. You would then taste the bitter dregs in the calix. You have just been despoiled, say, of your money. From one moment to the other you are excommunicated; yes, excommunicated. There exists throughout the entire world a federation to which money associates us. Have much of it or little, you are still a part of this confraternity. You have the wherewithal to pass, to have doors opened for you, to make yourself esteemed and understood. As soon as your money fails you, your whole personality is called into question. In fact, we may take it for granted that without money no one knows you. With money you can procure lodging and food for yourself, without showing your papers. Without money, try to buy only a piece of bread, or to pass the night under a roof, and you will see surprising sights. As soon as you lack money you are exposed to the most indiscreet questions: "Who are you, sir? Where do you come from?" "Have you any recommendations? papers?" "For, after all, by what right do you ask for bread and lodging?" "Am I quite sure that I am dealing with an honest man?" Do not accuse me of exaggeration. Such things happen every day. It is a pure illusion to believe in the credit of honest people. Their honesty serves them only among their like, their compatriots. A name, no matter how honorable it may be, a loyal hand, the countenance of honesty, protects only within a certain radius. Beyond that its power diminishes, even ceases outright. The whole world cannot know you. As for your face, do not rely upon that. So many impostors wear a mask of virtue.

No, there is no sure and direct way of making one's self accepted as an honest man in a strange country, when one is without resources, without celebrity, and without a backer. And yet I should not wish for you to be preserved entirely from

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a trial of this sort. It would make you reflect and make you more human. Nothing so binds a man to respect misery, so holds him from harshly treating a passing vagabond, as having himself, one day, been a passing tramp, suspected of vagabondizing. Few vicissitudes are so cruel as that which consists in not knowing where one shall sleep, where eat, in seeing the door slammed in your face by people who are not as honest as you are. But if these rough sides of life, if this cavalier treatment, makes you gentler, better, the experience is never too dearly paid for. Be patient under your hardship, and even try to find the pleasant side of it. Any fool can be gay in his own home, at his own table, among his own friends and acquaintances, when in the bosom of social security he is treated better than he deserves, and enjoys the prestige of his often exaggerated importance. But to keep your good humor when fortune plays you an ill turn, unmasks you, so to speak, unclasses you, treats you like a blackguard—to keep your good humor then is heroic. At any rate it is not commonplace.

And, mark you, when these unfortunate days are passed, in addition to the experience acquired, one has the benefit of interesting experiences. And just at this moment there comes to my mind, from the depths of memory, just such an experience. Why not relate it to you?

It was at Heidelberg, in July of 1875, upon a summer evening. I was coming from Göttingen and going to Strassburg. I had made a stop to enjoy one of the prettiest towns of Germany, and to hear on the following Monday some of the celebrated professors there. I had passed the evening with one of them. On leaving his house the fancy took me to count my money by moonlight. By what strange phenomenon was it that my pocketbook was found almost empty? I do not know. But the truth was, I had only enough money to pay for my ticket to Strassburg and to get a bite of breakfast the next morning; that was all. The least unforeseen outlay would reduce me to the direst extremity. What was I to do? Return to the professor, who had invited me to stay with him? I did not like to borrow or to ask for a night's lodging. Take the night train to Alsace? But I wanted to see Heidelberg and to hear Kuno Fischer; and to leave at once, that same evening, seemed, somehow, unworthy a man.

My resolution was soon taken: I would sleep in the open air, under the starlight. After all, on such a night, it would be almost a pleasure; and quite a distinction between me and all those commonplace folks who so foolishly, and by mere routine of habit, go to sleep every night in beds.

And as I decided, so I did. But I was hardly beginning to taste the sweets of my sylvan slumber when a storm broke over me, and I was forced to seek shelter in the railway station. At two o'clock in the morning the guard shuts up the waiting-room. So he, without any form or ceremony, put me brutally out of doors as we would put out a dog. I ended by finding a shelter in an empty shed, and my night passed under the starlight showed me all but the stars.

But in the morning the sky was cleared. Bathing, at dawn, in the waters of the Neckar, I ascended to the castle; the sun was rising; upon every tree glittered diamond drops; on every branch sang birds. The air was pure; nature joyous; the solitude absolute. On the lower branches of an old oak sat a squirrel gnawing a last year's nut; he let me come up to him without fear; I could have touched him with the end of my cane. The blackbirds promenaded up to my very feet. "How trustful they are!" I said to myself; "perhaps they understand that, like themselves, I have no money." I do not know what there was in all this that inspired me with such a sense of happiness that it made me feel like singing aloud in that morning light, and made me feel all the freer in that I was at that moment all the poorer.

I would not give the memory of it for a purse full of money. And, persuaded that it is for your good, I wish, friend reader, particularly if you are young and well off, that some time you, too, may find yourself without money.

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Wanted—A Prophet

By the Rev. Henry A. Stimson, D.D.

FROM more than one point of view it would appear that a time of crisis is upon our churches. There is no need of pessimism, but everywhere men are under more or less of strain. Business is daily becoming more and more absorbing as its volume increases and the facilities for doing it multiply. The commercial horizon is rapidly widening. Competition at home and opening opportunities abroad incite men to new enterprise, with the immediate effect of making business more interesting and more exacting in its demands both upon time and thought. Each year money is playing a larger part in the affairs of life. The lack of it entails more discomfort because of the increase in our wants and the abundance of our neighbors, and the possession of it involves greater care, while the things that it commands are more numerous and more engrossing. Consequently the struggle to get money is fiercer as the necessity of having it is more keenly felt. In a larger sense than in the past, politics also has become a business. Immense amounts of money change hands, and the interests involved in every campaign have come to be enormous. A multitude of men, young and old, are now absorbed in political discussion and political engineering. Added to this is the large place that pleasure in one form or another has come to occupy in the thoughts both of men and women. Sport has grown to be a business. The patronage of the theater is immense; whist clubs and matinées fill the afternoons; and the sensuous pleasures that once were the foe of all that is good in society are now competing with or allied to these other forms of amusement which, whether good or ill in themselves, are masterful in their interest and consuming of time. It is not strange that men are finding that they have very little time to devote to religious affairs, even if they do not come to have little care for personal religion. There is wide testimony to the effect that it was never harder to support the churches than it is to-day, and never more difficult to get Christian work efficiently performed. Even on the part of our most interested church members excuses are both incessant and valid, and the condition of many a man who is striving to do his part in the face of outside pressure is pitiful. With business men still in the prime of life breaking down on all sides from heart-failure and kidney disease, it is impossible under present conditions to secure for the church life the thought or the care on the part of our best business men which it properly demands.

And now comes the crisis in foreign missions. The Chinese question is already recognized as primarily a religious one. This does not mean that religion, or still less the missionaries, are the cause of the existing situation, but that the situation is one for which religion alone is the ultimate cure. The testimony of Sir Robert Hart on this point may be accepted as conclusive when he points out that the movement, the consequences of which are so disturbing, is in fact only begun, that the Boxer outbreak is but the beginning of a tremendous movement which will extend throughout the Chinese Empire, and that the new China which is sure to emerge from all the confusion can be saved from becoming a portent to modern civilization only by being Christianized.

Now, in the face of a situation in all directions so serious and in all directions giving evidence of the existence of evils which are deep-seated, in our annual meetings and conferences we are largely engaged in the discussion of matters of detail. Questions of organization and perhaps consolidation, of the number of secretaries, of the methods of raising money and of keeping accounts, are uppermost. No one will question that these, one and all, are important. The churches have a right to demand efficiency in administration, and it is certainly true that many of our general societies and educational and philanthropic institutions are still conducted by methods that are outgrown. The patience of their friends and supporters may be credited to the general

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good will and to our American respect for conservatism.

But the times cry out for something very different from all this. The need is for prophetic utterance. A word is wanted that shall come to the churches and to men's hearts, with the authority of the voice of God. There is money enough and there is devotion enough, and there is a vast source of Christian enthusiasm which as yet is little drawn upon. At the call of God the Church of to-day is as prompt to furnish its martyrs as it ever has been in the past: witness the missions in China. What is needed is that the conscience of the entire Church shall be touched, and the heart of the entire Church set to throbbing anew. Men's eyes need to be opened to perceive relative values in their true relation. The business of the world must be done, and done largely and well, that God may be honored. For the business of life is God's work. But all the more should the business of the Church be done after the same fashion, with the same absorption, and with the same skilled measures that insure success. Reliance must first and always be upon the Spirit of God. But the Spirit of God never works with a sluggish and self-absorbed people. In the days of our War of the Rebellion, a distinguished Frenchman wrote of a "great people which arouses itself." The time has come for the awakening of God's people to-day, and for this a prophet is needed. One is wanted who shall restate the eternal verities, and shall fill once more the hearts of men with the vision of God and the glory of his kingdom and his gospel. Men are as capable of being thus filled as ever they were. The human heart has lost nothing of its nature and nothing of its need. It may be counted upon to be emptied in a moment of the surfeit that gorges it, and to cry out with all its old hunger and thirst after righteousness. But it takes a heart to move hearts, and the need to-day is for some great heart aflame with God. Brilliant oratory and academic learning are for this need no better than trumpery entertainment and ecclesiastical diplomacy. Christians are not to be enticed out of worldliness, any more than the world is to be tricked into repentance. We are waiting to hear God speak to the children of Israel that they go forward. When that voice was heard, Moses and the elders had only to arrange the swift details, as the people arose quickly and went.

The whole question of the Church and the community, for example, and of missions, must be restated. Christians must get together. Differences must be set aside. In such a crisis as this, these differences are as impertinent and as puerile as were the bickerings of the allied forces in the face of the peril around them at Tientsin. The full horror should be felt of the claim, whoever makes it, "We do not recognize any other Church," whether because of the possession of a pope or a bishop or a liturgy or a baptism. The great question is, What is the duty of the Church of God? not of any part of that Church. And any section that feels itself exalted above the brethren by reason of its history or its possessions or its privileges is so much the more called to show its oneness with its Head by its humility, its brotherliness, its spirituality, and its unselfish devotion. The sorrows of life are growing portentous. The vices of heathenism are the vices of Christendom, and are terrific. Who will make us feel again the exceeding sinfulness of sin? Who will tell us truly how humanity is affected and what is to be the destiny of the world? What will arouse the community? What will shake Christians out of their lethargy, and prosperous business men out of their selfish absorption? The Spirit of God, of course. But through whom shall He speak? Who is getting ready? The prophets of Israel all were men prepared. When the summons came, they were startled, they cried out that they were unfit, but none the less every one of them, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, was a man under the discipline of Jehovah. And when the time came, the man was not wanting. God spoke and the people heard. The word was that for which the people were waiting, and when it was uttered they at once recognized it as from God.

The lesson of the hour, then, reaches back of the churches to individual Christians. There is time for much prayer and self-abasement, and a looking to God for an answer and for help. It is no time for scheming, or for pressing for position, or for magnifying human instrumentalities and rejoicing in human suc-

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cess. The crowd does not count. God does not save by many or by few. We hear again the old summons, "Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord." On all sides the leader is needed upon whom the Spirit of God manifestly rests. Our great missionary assemblies this year have laid bare the need; the facts are before the people; the hearts of the churches are stirred. What we want now, all over the land, is a restatement of great truths; not so much one great prophet, perhaps, as a multitude prophesying the great things of God. Then there will be blessing. When ministers are heard saying, "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me," then the broken heart will be bound up, liberty will come to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound.

Emerson's Optimism

By Joel Benton

Let me go where'er I will,
I hear a sky-born music still.

. . . . . .

'Tis not in the high stars alone,
Nor in the cups of budding flowers,
Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers;
But in the mud and scum of things—
There alway, alway, something sings.
—*Emerson.*

RUSKIN says that in all things throughout the world, the men who look for the crooked will see the crooked, and the men who look for the straight will see the straight. This sentence from "Modern Painters," though its writer had no thought of optimism in his mind, defines the different attitudes of Emerson and his friend Carlyle. Emerson could not "leave the clear sky out of the landscape," and Carlyle could not omit the clouds. Grant Duff revives an anecdote of Charles Kingsley's which very happily illustrates this difference. It seems that "the most dyspeptic of philosophers had been terribly bored by the persistent optimism of his friend Emerson. 'I thought,' said Carlyle, 'that I would try to cure him, so I took him to the lowest parts of London and showed him all that was going on there. This done, I turned to him saying: "And noo, man, d'ye believe in the deevil noo?" "Oh, no," he replied; "all these people seem to me only parts of the great machine, and, on the whole, I think they are doing their work very satisfactorily!" Then,' continued the sage, 'I took him doon to the House of Commons, where they put us under the gallery. There I showed him ae chiel getting up after anither and leeing and leeing. Then I turned to him and said: "And noo, man, d'ye believe in the deevil noo?" He made me, however, just the same answer as before, and I then gave him up in despair.'"

Mr. Emerson's way of looking at things was certainly just the opposite of Carlyle's, and of Ruskin's too. To him the universe was in good health, if some of its denizens were not. His diagnosis was always made on affirmative lines, and justified the highest hopes. His critics said that he left out of the equation the forces of evil, and brushed away from his vision the persistence and ubiquity of sin. What the Creator is reported in Genesis to have seen, that all that he had made was good, Emerson continued to believe. In his vernacular even Sheol had its benefits.

Evil and ill health, therefore, were to him merely incidental and subordinate. They were not permanent entities; they were incidents only, and shown to be transient by their very obstructive quality. Their purpose was not final or supreme, but only for discipline, and to heighten the good which underlies everything, and for which all things were made.

"Give me health and a day," he exclaims, "and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous. . . . The multitude of men degrade each other and give currency to desponding doctrines; the scholar must be a bringer of hope, and must reinforce man against himself." Appealing to Nature, he adds: "The gardener aims to produce a fine peach or pear, but my aim is the health of the whole tree—root, stem, leaf, flower, and seed—and by no means the pampering of a monstrous pericarp at the expense of all other functions." "What is strong but goodness?" "All men honor love," he says,

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"because it looks up and not down; aspires and not despairs." "Visible virtue," he affirms, "must have a spiritual and moral side."

Such sentences as "Our adversary is our helper," "Every man is a debtor to his own defects," and that essay on "Compensation" which he waited so long to write, are in the one habitual vein of solace and assurance. Nature in every mood he made prophylactic and curative. One would need to copy half that he wrote to present this temperamental quality in him with any reasonable fullness. But this paragraph will give one sample of it: "In good health," he says, "the air is a cordial of incredible virtue. Crossing a bare common, in snow-puddles, at twilight under a clouded sky, without having in my thoughts any occurrence of special good fortune, I have enjoyed a perfect exhilaration. I am glad to the brink of fear. In the woods, too, a man casts off his years, as the snake his slough, and, at what period soever of life, is always a child. In the woods is perpetual youth. Within these plantations of God, a decorum and sanctity reign, a perennial festival is dressed, and the guest sees not how he should tire of them in a thousand years."

Not only in one address, but in many, he contended that the universe is built upon the granite of the moral law. "The foundations of man are not in matter, but in spirit." He was fond of piling up quotations on behalf of the high estate of man, and the friendly and inseparable interest in him displayed by the terrestrial and heavenly environment. A part of one of these which he takes from Herbert may be worth quoting here:

> For us, the winds do blow,
> The earth doth rest, heaven move, and fountains flow;
> Nothing we see but means our good,
> As our delight, or as our treasure;
> The whole is either our cupboard of food,
> Or cabinet of pleasure.

You can turn everywhere on the Emersonian page and find in one form or another that "Nature seems to exist for the excellent;" that "each material thing has its celestial side." "The gases gather to the solid firmament; the chemic lump arrives at the plant and grows; arrives at the quadruped and walks; arrives at the man and thinks." Everything with him is on the ascent:

> A subtle chain of countless rings
> The next unto the farthest brings;
> . . . . . .
> And, striving to be man, the worm
> Mounts through all the spires of form.

In this last couplet he expressed integrally Darwin's doctrine of evolution many years before the "Origin of Species" appeared.

"What is life," he asks, "but the angle of vision? A man is measured by the angle at which he looks at objects." He thought the poet took the natural attitude because he believes. The philosopher merely struggles to find reasons for believing. Beauty, which delights, is even more than knowledge, which informs us. "The grandeur of the impression the stars and heavenly bodies make on us is surely more valuable than our exact perception of a tub or a table on the ground." The wrongness of things is in definition and category more than in essence. "To science there is no poison; to botany no weed; to chemistry no dirt."

How important, after all, the angle of vision is in all determinations! Emerson pictured the scheme of things as not only good, but on the way to be better. Schopenhauer made it not only bad, but hopeless. It was because Swedenborg put forth a fascinating and poetic view of the universe that Emerson entertained that haunting fondness for him. His particular dogmas, and some of his literal definitions, though, were reprobated. In his lecture upon the Swedish seer he says: "He who loves goodness harbors angels, reveres reverence, and lives with God. The less we have to do with our sins the better. No man can afford to waste his moments in compunctions." He quotes the Koran here with this passage: "God said, The Heaven and the Earth, and all that is between them, think ye that we created them in jest, and that ye shall not return unto us?" And he quotes also the Indian Vishnu, who says: "I am the same to all mankind. There is not one who is worthy of my love and hatred. They who serve me with adoration, I am in them, and they in me. If one whose ways are altogether evil serve me alone, he is as respectable as the just man; he is altogether well employed; he soon

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becometh of a virtuous spirit, and obtaineth eternal happiness."

He had much belief in the Swedenborgian idea of spiritual correspondences, though he could not always accept the seer's particular literal translation of them. He was skeptical as to "sociable angels;" and insisted that the truth of a revelation requires that it be not "inferior in tone" to the artistry that "sculptures the globes of the firmament, and writes the moral law. It must be fresher than rainbows, stabler than mountains, agreeing with flowers, with tides, and the rising and setting of autumnal stars."

An appeal to his poetry confirms the same opinion, and one quotation from it will sufficiently report its habitual teaching. If Swedenborg had been a poet in verse, he might naturally have written these stanzas from "Musketaquit:"

Musketaquit, thy silver stream
Repeats the music of the rain;
But brighter rivers pulsing flit
Through thee, as thou through Concord Plain.
. . . . . .
Musketaquit, a goblin strong,
Of shard and flint makes jewels gay;
They lose their grief who hear his song,
And where he winds is the day of day.

The resolute and determined looking for the good in things most forlorn and hopeless was as evident in his final as on his first page. It reminds one of that touching story which I think is to be found either in the Talmud or somewhere in those collected documents called "The Apocryphal New Testament." It runs something like this: A large crowd was, on a certain occasion, gathered by the roadside in Palestine on a warm summer day. It had come together by chance, and the motive of detention and interest was the trivial incident of the discovery of a dead dog. Each person, of course, had some remark to offer as he looked upon it, and it was noticeable that no one had a good or cheerful word to say. Every expression was disparaging of the object, as opinions and observations passed along through the circle of bystanders. But there was just one exception. When every one had dropped a remark, the son of Joseph and Mary, who was there, and who had hitherto kept silent, quietly said: "But see! how beautiful are his teeth!"

It needed the eye of an optimist to discern beauty and satisfaction in what suggested only loathsomeness and repulsion to every other observer.

"The intellect," said Emerson, "is cheerful." It is some grosser part of the body, this would imply, that gets the dumps. Looking out on the landscape, he says:

Nature ever faithful is
To such as trust her faithfulness.

The silver edge of the cloud is seen in the following rumination: "The frost which kills the harvest of a year, saves the harvests of a century, by destroying the weevil or the locust. Wars, fires, plagues, break up immovable routine, clear the ground of rotten races and dens of distemper, and open a fair field to new men. There is a tendency in things to right themselves, and the war or revolution or bankruptcy that shatters a rotten system allows things to take a new and natural order."

Probably there is no philosophy of the universe that does not end with Schopenhauer's creed, in despair, which does not begin with affirmatives, or with something good as the true underlying element and solution of the universe. The optimist may not clearly solve the whole riddle of life and existence, but he has an abiding faith that in his way only can it ever be solved. If it shall some day be written out plainly, to the confusion of the Sphinx, it will at least be shown that in this direction you may trace the true method.

Consistently with this insight was Emerson's entire treatment of practical matters. He stood by health and integrity. If we are not well, the condition is a base intrusion and not a necessity. It is really our own sin, and we should hide or at least show a little shame for our own complicity in the matter. Somewhere he deprecates polluting the morning air with our megrims and dyspepsia. And he says: "Never name sickness, even if you could trust yourself on that perilous topic. Beware of unmuzzling a valetudinarian, who will soon give you your fill of it."

A Vassar College student from Concord told me many years ago that when Emerson, who was just then aware for the first time of some failure in his eyesight, observed this impediment, a slight film went also over his faith in willful health. Not that he complained, but that in the

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impairment of his vision he gained a new sight of some possible exceptions to the permanency of the rule of volition. None the less, however, did he try to live as if it were Medean and Persian.

Somewhat earlier than this I had a letter from him, in reply to one I had written him while ill, in which he gently remarked at the conclusion: "I entreat you to be well." I regret to say that the letter containing this injunction seems hopelessly mislaid. It has never been published. But let no one imagine, in thus asserting a natural law of the power of will, that he could by any possibility indorse the vulgar charlatanry that has now got astride of it, and that shapes itself for gain into an alleged supernatural cult. Such profame simony and deceit were as far from him as is the east from the west. Once when a red-hot Adventist approached him and said, "Don't you know, Mr. Emerson, that the world is soon coming to an end?" he replied, "Let it end; we can do as well without it as with it."

On his appearance at Oxford to see Ruskin he was scarcely understood by the latter. How, indeed, could he be, looking as they did from such opposite points of the horizon? Ruskin thought Emerson "a gentle cloud—intangible." But Emerson, as a writer not long ago said, though he was charmed by Ruskin's lecture-room manner, found himself wholly out of sympathy with his views of life and the world. What he thought of Ruskin he formulated thus: "I wonder such a genius can be possessed of so black a devil. I cannot pardon him for a despondency so deep. It is detestable in a man of such powers, in a poet, a seer such as he has been. Children are right with their everlasting hope. Timon is always inevitably wrong."

The fit summing up of his philosophy is perhaps most broadly stated in this passage from his discourse on the "Fortune of the Republic," for it refers to the whole scheme of things: "Our helm is given up to a better guidance than our own; the course of events is quite too strong for any helmsman, and our little wherry is taken in tow by the ship of the great Admiral, which knows the way, and has the force to draw men and States and planets to their good. Such and so potent is this high method by which the Divine Providence sends the chiefest benefits under the mask of calamities, that I do not think we shall by any perverse ingenuity prevent the blessing."

Not less cheerful was his trustful faith so tenderly expressed, in view of the afternoon sun of life, in these lines from his pathetic poem "Terminus:"

As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:
"Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed."

How Many a Year!

By Edith M. Thomas

How many a year I've loved thee—
How many a year,
Whose seasons seemed like one—
The promissory Spring,
With glints of hope, of fear,
With faint, fair blossoming,
In shadow or in sun.

How many a year I've loved thee,
How many a year
Of Summers all foregone!
For me, may yet be June;
And yet, the golden sphere
Of the full harvest moon
In the sad east may dawn!

How many a year I loved thee—
How many a year!
So late to love art thou,
Then love me more for this;
Beyond the desert drear,
Be fount and oasis
And shadow of the bough!

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Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Annual Literary Index, 1900 (The). Edited by W. I. Fletcher and R. R. Bowker. Office of the "Publishers' Weekly," New York. 7×10½ in. 258 pages.

Autocrats (The). By Charles K. Lush. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 344 pages. $1.50.

One of the most dramatic stories yet written on the subject of political machinations and on the methods of capitalists in combining and fleecing the public under the guise of acting for its good. The plot turns upon the effort to secure a street railway franchise in a Western city. The characters are lifelike and palpitate with vitality and the marvelous brain-power that creates modern enterprise. The author makes us see what the modern trust means, and the part in it played by bankers, newspaper men, and politicians small and large. The story is charged with atmosphere and energy. There is a love tale which comes to a happy issue. There is also a touch of metaphysical mystery hardly worked out to the reader's satisfaction, since it piques a curiosity which it does not enlighten.

Blue Shirt and Khaki: A Comparison. By James F. J. Archibald. Silver, Burdett & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 269 pages. $1.50.

Only one who witnessed closely both the Spanish and the Boer campaigns is able to draw a proper comparison of the relative characteristics of the American and British military systems. Mr. Archibald is fortunate in being not only a keen observer and careful writer, but in having enjoyed peculiar opportunities. For several years during our Indian campaigns he was a correspondent in the field, and in 1895 accompanied the Japanese army in its invasion of China. He was the first American wounded in the Spanish war, being a member of the "Gussie" expedition; he saw the fighting about Santiago, serving also on the general staff during the first occupation of Havana. At the outbreak of the Boer war he went to Pretoria, and later took part in the Transvaal campaign. He recognizes that in facilities for handling military forces on a large scale the British are our superiors, and yet, whenever the practical problems of a campaign become personal to officer or soldier, it is the American who excels. Secondly, he says that in this country we have a much higher type both of the individual soldier and of the officer—indeed, the latter element in the British army comes in for a deservedly scathing exposure of inefficiency. An interesting distinction drawn by Mr. Archibald is that in the system of military expenditures the British method is as much too loose as ours is too stringent. In all the criticisms on officers, men, strategy, commissariat, and transportation Mr. Archibald's book seems as exact in statement as it is informal and gratefully untechnical in expression. The graphic illustrations double the value of the always informative text. Alas that such a book should lack an index!

Christ Ideal (The): A Study of the Spiritual Teachings of Jesus. By Horatio W. Dresser. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 3½×6¼ in. 150 pages. 75c.

Among the books which Mr. Dresser has put forth we esteem none more than this. The subjective and the objective moods of the peace of God are here well blended. Self-surrender is for self-realization; the hour of worship is the hour of preparation. The kingdom of God is within, that it may advance from within outward. The old Christian truths are here uttered in the spirit of divine sonship, and the *Imitatio Christi* is rewritten in sympathy with humanity and an optimistic hope for the fallen.

Collected Works of the Right Hon. F. Max Müller. XVII. Last Essays. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 360 pages. $1.75.

One of the last acts of the distinguished author of these essays was his selection of them for republication. Of the twelve contained in this volume, the one entitled "Coincidences" is particularly to be commended to those who are interested in the question whether Christianity has borrowed from Buddhism. Professor Max Müller believed that most of the similarities between these religions could be accounted for without the hypothesis of a borrowing by either. Whatever the subject in hand, it was never more true of any than of him that "he touched nothing which he did not adorn."

Crime of Credulity (The). By Herbert N. Casson. Peter Eckler, New York. 5×7½ in. 254 pages. 75c.

Despite its flippant tone, this apparently hastily written arraignment of religion is a rather interesting study. Regarded as a crude onslaught upon spiritual verities in general, it is unworthy of the attention of seriously disposed people; but as the exposure of certain delusions of mysticism it is worth reading. Just as in every human body there is a vermiform appendix, so in our civilization there are certain similar remnants carried on from some lower stage of existence. So long as such tag-ends are allowed to remain, neither the physical nor the social body is safe. The particular appendices which Mr. Casson would remove are Christian Science and Mental Science. In dealing with these problems as with others, the writer's style is often regrettable, yet his text is sometimes valuably suggestive. Mr. Casson pays his irreverent respects, not only to the leaders of religious thought, especially to certain reconcilers of science and religion, among whom he finds "a grotesque jumbling of science and superstí-

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tion," but also to "the moral cowardice of professors, authors, and public men in pretending to respect religious opinions and questions which they inwardly despise." Every intelligent mind to-day, so Mr. Casson claims, is being forced to abandon dualism: those governed by reason are accepting material monism; those governed by imagination are accepting spiritual monism. In this our author follows his master Haeckel, as well as in believing that there is no longer any scientific acceptance of the word soul. Mr. Casson fails, of course, where Haeckel failed before him, to explain the "thing-in-itself," and all the clever phrases and apt similes of which there are a plenty in this volume cannot hide this fatal lack.

Declaration of the Rights of Man and of Citizens (The). By George Jellinek, Dr. Phil. at Jur. Translation from the German by Max Farrand, Ph.D. Revised by the Author. 4½×6¾ in. 98 pages. 75c.

An illuminating review of the development of the rights of citizens. The author justly finds that the French Declaration of Rights in 1789 was modeled after the American declarations of the preceding decade, and that these in turn for the most part merely recognized political conditions created by the earlier struggle for religious liberty. The comparison between the French Declaration and its American model is set forth effectively by printing the two in parallel columns.

Doom Castle. By Neil Munro. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 385 pages. $1.50.

This story is a romance pure and simple without any underlying motive save that of pleasing. This it accomplishes to a degree much above the common. Doom Castle is an old fortress off the coast of Scotland, which one feels from the first is haunted by the ghosts of countless events and traditions. It is in a state of advanced decay, and tallies exactly with the fortunes of its owner. There is a mingling of plots rather than one supreme plot, and the mystery is likely to defy the most experienced romance-reader. The hero is a young and chivalrous Frenchman; the heroine, the daughter of the Lord of Doom. There are numerous clansmen and hangers-on, who treat us to plenty of rich idiomatic speech, racy of highland Gaelic origin. We feel that this talk is done by one to the manner born and not manufactured by guesswork. So much trash now passes current, especially for Scotch or Irish brogue, that it is a positive pleasure to come upon a writer who reveals a real knowledge of the racial conditions out of which idiomatic speech grows.

Early Age of Greece (The). By William Ridgeway, M.A. Illustrated. In Two Vols. Vol. I. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½× 9 in. 684 pages.

Since Schliemann in 1876 uncovered the buried civilization of Mycenæ, scholars have generally regarded it as the product of the "bronze-clad Achæans," whose exploits are celebrated in the Homeric poems. Yet the serious differences between the type of civilization represented in these poems and that which the Mycenæan graves exhibit have kept the question open between the classical scholars and the archæologists till now. Professor Ridgeway here brings to bear upon the problem all the evidence of every kind now available from tradition, from archæology, and from language for a reversal of the current opinion. His learning is massive, and its application exhaustive. He concludes that the remains at Mycenæ are those of a brunette race, the Pelasgians, the focus of whose civilization was on the mainland of Greece, while its influence extended to Italy and to Egypt. They had dwelt there since neolithic times, and their civilization, that of the bronze age, was near its decline and fall. The Achæans, a blond race of Celts, came down upon them from Central Europe, where the early iron age had already set in, but, though conquering them, became absorbed among them, as the Normans among the English Saxons. The author shows the wide differences between the two races in weapons, dress, defensive armor, ornaments, and mode of burial. The Iliad and the Odyssey were written in the Aeolic dialect and hexameter verse peculiar to the old pre-Achæan race of the Pelasgi, whose "inner keep" was in the fastnesses of Arcadia. That the Achæan exploits at Troy were celebrated in this tongue is not stranger than that the glory of the Tatar emperors of China is recorded in the old language of China. The minute detail of Professor Ridgeway's argument precludes criticism here. A second volume, soon to appear, will deal with Greek institutions and religion. The present volume, well illustrated, is limited to the monumental, traditional, and linguistic aspects of the subject.

Earthwork Out of Tuscany: Being Impressions and Translations of Maurice Hewlett. Third Edition, Revised. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 205 pages. $1.50.

This is the third edition, revised and with a different imprint, of one of the most characteristic works of Mr. Hewlett, and one of the finest pieces of interpretation of Italian life and art which has yet appeared. It is a book of very unusual quality, which will select its readers and reward those who read with all manner of divinations, glimpses, and insights into the spirit of the Renaissance and the architecture and other art of Italy.

El Capitán Veneno. By D. Pedro A. de Alarcón. Edited by George Griffin Brownell. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7 in. 50c.

Alarcón has been called by his enthusiastic admirers the Guy de Maupassant of Spain. The present volume is a reprint from the Spanish of one of his characteristic short stories. In it the Spaniard humorously portrays the fate of El Capitán Veneno—the choleric captain—a crabbed, woman-hating old soldier. It is through the medium of such novelettes and short stories as this and "El Sombrero de Tres Picos," for instance, that Alarcón's fame will live. It is true that his long romances and his poetry are well worth reading, while his books of travel are delightful, especially the description of that tour "De Madrid á Napoles." But it is fortunate, not only for the student of the Spanish language, but for the student of Spanish literature, that Alarcón's introduction to American readers brings him to them first as a teller of short stories

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rather than as the writer of sustained romances, or as a poet or an essayist. We are glad to see the editor's foot-notes printed at the bottom of the pages instead of at the end of the text, as is sometimes the case.

Fighting Against Fate. By Moses David Morris. Illustrated. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×7¾ in. 260 pages. $1.

Mr. Morris, whose family came to this country from Poland when he was an infant, tells the story of the checkered events of his life, through all of which he kept a brave spirit and a forgiving heart.

Flowers and Ferns in Their Haunts. By Mabel Osgood Wright. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 358 pages. $2.50.

The plea which this book makes for the enjoyment of wild flowers where and as they grow is one that should be impressed on every child in every nature-study class in the land; for flowers, like other non-resistants, suffer at the hands of their friends, and some of the rarest and most beautiful species are disappearing owing to ruthless gathering. In the slight narrative into which is interwoven the flowers of our Northern summer as they appear from spring to fall, nothing is more impressive than the picture of the author and her delightful country friend, Mr. Time o' Year, sitting before a bank of fragrant arbutus, which they leave untouched, taking away a single spray. The photographic illustrations are beautiful, and the volume is a worthy addition to the out-of-doors library, although a book lighter in weight would meet our approval.

Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle. By Henry P. Wells. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 448 pages. $1.75.

A new edition of a book which has deservedly become somewhat of a standard authority.

Foundation Rites, with Some Kindred Ceremonies. By Lewis Dayton Burdick. The Abbey Press, New York. 5¼×8 in. 258 pages. $1.50.

As the author of this interesting book observes, many current ceremonies had a primitive significance that is now lost. The custom of depositing coins and documents in the corner-stone of a public building survives, though the belief has perished in which it originated, that the inscribed deposit assured the protection of the deity whom the builder invoked. The extensive collection which Mr. Burdick has made of folk-lore and customs concerning foundations, locations, etc., is an instructive as well as entertaining exhibit of the *exuviæ* of advancing civilization.

Furniture of Our Forefathers (The). By Esther Singleton. With Critical Descriptions of Plates. Illustrated. Part II. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 8×11½ in. 152 pages.

George Eliot's Works. (The Personal Edition.) **Romola** (in 2 vols.) and **Silas Marner.** Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5½×8¼ in. $3 set.

Hall of Fame (The). By Henry Mitchell MacCracken. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½×8 in. 292 pages. $1.75.

The dedication of the Hall of Fame at New York University last week makes peculiarly timely the appearance of this well printed and illustrated volume. In it we have an account of the origin of the building and its objects, together with excellent brief biographies and estimates of the great Americans immortalized there.

Heart Side of God (The). By Albert Edwin Keigwin. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 276 pages. $1.

Under this attractive title Mr. Keigwin has gathered a number of his discourses, originally delivered in the Park Presbyterian Church of Newark, N. J., the aim of which is to show, to those who doubt, that religion is a matter of the heart rather than of the intellect, and appeals to that inner nature of which reason is the servant.

Henry Bourland: The Passing of the Cavalier. By Albert Elmer Hancock. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 409 pages. $1.50.

This is an unusual story in purpose, and ably told. In effect it is the personal history of a young Virginian from his youth, at the breaking out of the Civil War, to later life. We feel the pride of caste with which young Bourland goes to fight for State rights and institutions, and we suffer with him in his humiliations. We pass with him and the whole aristocracy of the South through the horrors and petty degradations of the period of Reconstruction, so called, when the defeated South was in the hands of the meanest type of Northern carpetbaggers. We witness the impudence, as well as often the devotion, of the newly enfranchised slaves; their insulting attitude and sometimes nameless atrocities towards high-born women; all are depicted by a strong and sympathetic hand. The story ought to be read by all who would know the cause and motive for the Ku Klux and other secret societies at the South.

In Bad Company and Other Stories. By Rolf Boldrewood. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 514 pages. $1.50.

A large-sized volume made up of many short stories treating of life in Australia and other British colonies. The stories depict different episodes and character contrasts, developed and brought into play under the touchstone of conditions which try men's metal. They are strong tales and interesting. The author makes the reader feel that he has a grip of his subject.

In re Molineux Versus A Current Cagliostro. By Michon de Vars. Illustrated. Arthur W. Brown, Providence, R. I. 10½×7 in. 139 pages. $3.

Joseph Parker, D.D.: His Life and Ministry. By Albert Dawson. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 5×7½ in. 176 pages. 75c.

The Outlook has so recently reviewed the life of Joseph Parker in describing his own autobiography that it needs to do nothing more here than to say that this biography of a hundred and seventy-five pages is written by Dr. Parker's private secretary, and is characterized by the warm, uncritical, and enthusiastic estimate of the famous but eccentric London preacher which we might expect.

Kingdom of God is Within You (The): Pulpit Talks. By Rev. Jacob Todd, D.D. P. W. Ziegler & Co., Philadelphia. 5¼×8 in. 343 pages.

Dr. Todd was a distinguishsd Methodist preacher in his time—the last third of the nineteenth century. The sixteen discourses

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in this volume are published as a memorial of him. They exhibit the central truths of Christianity with evangelical plainness and fervor, and justify the esteem with which he is remembered by his hearers. The sermon on "The Sin of Aaron" (Exodus xxxii., 24) possesses the peculiar power given by the felicitous choice of a text—a characteristic of great preachers thoroughly familiar with Scripture.

Liberty Documents: With Contemporary Exposition and Critical Comments Drawn from Various Writers. Selected and Prepared by Mabel Hill. Edited by Albert Bushnell Hart, Ph.D. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5½×8¼ in. 458 pages. $2.

This is a volume which every student of politics will like to have within reach. It includes no Continental documents, not even the French Declaration of Rights, on which the Constitution of modern France is built, but the list of Anglo-Saxon documents is as complete as the size of the book would permit. It begins with the Coronation Oath and Charter of Henry I. (1101), and contains the Magna Charta (1215), the Summons to Parliament (1295), the "Confirmatio Chartarum" (1297), the Statute of Henry VI. on jury trials (1429), the Petition of Right (1628), the Agreement of the People (1649) and the Instrument of Government (1653), the Habeas Corpus Act (1679), the Bill of Rights (1689), the Act of Settlement (1700–1701), the "Defence of the New England Charters" (1721), the Declaration against the Stamp Act (1765), the Virginia Bill of Rights (1776), the Declaration of Independence (1776), the Articles of Confederation (1781), the Northwest Ordinance (1787), the Constitution of the United States (1787), Washington's Farewell Address (1796), Marshall's decision on Federal Powers (1819), the Monroe Doctrine (1823), the Dred Scott Decision (1857), the Proclamation of Emancipation (1862–1863), the Reconstruction Amendments (1865–1870), and, finally, extracts from President McKinley's Messages in 1898 and 1899 defining his proposed policy in the "colonies." All of these documents are accompanied by a "contemporary exposition" showing how they were regarded at the time of their formulation, and by the "critical comment" of modern writers. In some instances the contemporary exposition is of only less importance than the document itself—Jefferson's comment on the Monroe Doctrine, for example, being almost a part of the document in its authority with succeeding generations. The "critical comment" is also well chosen, and upon issues still controverted—such as the President's policy in the colonies—brings out the opposing views. For advanced classes in constitutional history the work is invaluable.

Life's Springtime. By J. N. Fradenburgh, D.D., LL.D. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 191 pages. $1.

This is both a sensible and a stimulating book. It is written in a spirit of comradeship with young folk, and is instructive, genial, and entertaining. Its short chapters on Home and School, Books and Business, Money and Work, Church and Duty, and other practical topics, persuasively present the life that is worth living.

Many-Sided Paul (The). By George Francis Greene. The Westminster Press, Philadelphia. 4¾×7½ in. 270 pages. 75c.

A sympathetic and all-round character-study of the first father of Gentile Christianity. Mr. Greene has well presented the intellectual greatness of Paul in one of these chapters. But it does not seem to us that this greatness is made most apparent by Paul's logical power, great as this was. Large-heartedness was the core of it; great wealth of feeling is essential to the highest intellectual power.

Measurement of General Exchange-Value (The). By Correa Moylan Walsh. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6¼×9¼ in. 580 pages. $3.

The work of a man with a strong and clear mind, but none the less only interesting as an illustration of the everlasting tendency of schoolmen to put simple things in forms which only schoolmen can understand. The harmfulness of this tendency in the domain of religion is now a commonplace, and its harmfulness in the domain of economics should be equally recognized. Political economy ought above all things to be developed as a political science, inviting the study of serious men in every rank of life. Upon these lines Adam Smith laid its foundations, making its difficult problems clear to common men with whose common life it was concerned. Mr. Walsh treats it as a mathematical science, comprehensible only to those who have studied calculus, and difficult even to them. His work, therefore, however well done, is to be compared only with that of the mediæval schoolmen who devoted their often brilliant powers to the construction of Latin acrostics and similar barren feats of intellectual force.

Mystery of the Marbletons (The). By M. Mackin. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 165 pages. 50c.

This story hinges on the exchange made shortly after birth of the living child of one sister for the dead child of another, both children being born at nearly the same moment. The living child is placed in circumstances somewhat lower than his birthright, the regaining of which make up the vicissitudes of the story. The romance is not altogether a pleasant one; even the family devotion which brings about the situations and motive is a little strained and unwholesome. It is, however, dramatic in the working out of character; and the conversations and colloquial speech are clever. There is also not a little grim humor with life in it.

Natural History of Selborne (The). By Gilbert White. (The Temple Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6 in. 381 pages. 50c.

Nigeria. By Charles Henry Robinson, M.A. Illustrated. M. S. Mansfield, New York. 5×7½ in. 223 pages. $2.

Mr. Robinson's volume is one of much interest. It affords an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the latest British Protectorate. A particular value of the volume, however, lies in the author's exposition of the abolition of slave-raiding, and, as we have seen in Mr. Maclachlan's description of Nyasaland, the necessity for restricting the trade in liquor and firearms. The greater part of the firearms which have been bought by the natives have

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been used in slave-raiding, and the natives' purchase of liquor has of course been productive of everything but satisfactory results. In both Nyasaland and Nigeria the British Government faces disheartening conditions, but the success obtained in India, Egypt, the Sudan, and elsewhere may well afford encouragement to those intrusted with the administration of these two African provinces, even though the difficulties to be met with should exceed those already experienced. The work is superbly printed.

Nature Studies in Berkshire. By John Coleman Adams. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6½×10 in. 225 pages. $2.50.

The longing which these pages arouse for field and hillside bears tribute to the skill and grace with which Mr. Adams writes of the Berkshire country. He has climbed its mountains for trillium and arbutus, strayed beside its brooks, watched its cornfields grow, and somewhat of inspiration from cloud and forest has helped his descriptions of the indescribable—the charm of a summer day—and his interpretation of thicket and river. One of the most delightful of the chapters is "A Berkshire Flood"—not the sweep of springtime freshets, but the flood of sunshine on a bright August day. In the late afternoon he goes out to watch the color glowing on meadow and mountainside, and to see the waves of sunlight roll backward toward the west as the sun declines. It is a pity that so beautiful a book should be so heavy to the hand.

Our Fate and the Zodiac: An Astrological Autograph Book. By Margaret Mayo. Brentano's, New York. 5×8 in. 135 pages. $1.25.

This is a volume of great merit as regards print and paper. It is an astrological autograph book—an elaboration of the book entitled "Fate Autographs."

Penelope's Irish Experiences. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4½×7¼ in. $1.25.

The third volume in this fresh and delightful series completes what may be called "The Penelope Trilogy" by the marriage of the only unattached woman of the group. The first act of this drama in three parts was laid in England, the second in Scotland, and the third properly in Ireland. Opinions will vary with regard to the excellence of the three books. To many, Penelope's English experiences appeal most directly, and to such the earliest volume seems most artistic; to many more, however, Penelope's Scotch experiences mark the highest point of spontaneous humor, keen perception, and a delightful style. The three books are notable for freshness, for pervading humor, with a good deal of wit, and for delightful descriptive quality. The Outlook has already commented at length on Kate Douglas Wiggin's fresh and very human genius; it may have occasion to comment again and at length on the same subject.

Poor Boys' Chances. By John Habberton. (Young People's Library.) Illustrated. The Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia. 5×6¾ in. 280 pages. 50c.

This compact volume consists of brief biographies of the youth and later careers of five of our Presidents, and others of our famous men. Different as are the types of men presented, they are alike alone in inheriting, as Henry Clay says of himself, "infancy and indigence." They all possessed the qualities of industry, perseverance, and use of opportunities, even the slightest. The value in after years of giving attention to the work at hand to be done is strikingly illustrated by the fact that the system of treasury accounting instituted by Alexander Hamilton as Secretary of the Treasury was the outcome of his mastery of bookkeeping when a store boy of fourteen in the West Indies.

Practical Golf. By Walter J. Travis. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×8¼ in. 225 pages. $2.

Mr. Travis is the best known of golf-players, and this book should be sufficient evidence to any one who has not seen him play that he also takes first rank as a student of golf. Out of his long and varied experience he has worked out the principles of the game, and has set them down in this book for the benefit of others. The book's value is greatly increased by a series of instantaneous photographs showing various strokes. Mr. Travis's style is clear and forcible, and all players who have not already read the text as it has appeared in the magazine called "Golf" should immediately read it in book form. It is certain to receive quick appreciation.

Railway Mail Service: A Comparative Study of Railway Rates and Service. By George G. Tunell, Ph.D. The Lakeside Press, Chicago. 5½×8¼ in. 214 pages.

This is an elaborate defense of the rates charged by railways for carrying the mails. Many of the author's contentions have already been examined in these columns, but there is one which we have not examined, and which deserves attention, as other railroad advocates are using it. We refer to Mr. Tunell's criticism of the estimates of Professor Henry C. Adams, of Ann Arbor and of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, the expert employed by the Postal Commission to examine the question here discussed. Professor Adams reported that the railways charged much more per hundred pounds for carrying mail from New York to Buffalo than for carrying express matter. Mr. H. S. Julier, the General Manager of the American Express Company, objected to the comparison on the ground that relatively few express packages weighed one hundred pounds, and therefore that the hundred-pound rate cited by Professor Adams did not represent the average amount paid by the express companies for the service rendered to them. The average express package, said Mr. Julier, weighs only thirty pounds, and there are so few large packages and so many small ones that a seven-pound package is really the most typical. Upon the basis of this reasoning Mr. Julier insisted upon comparing the payment of the express companies for carrying seven-pound packages with the payment of the Government for carrying carloads and trainloads of through mail. To most readers it would seem that the Government was entitled to less than the hundred-pound express rate upon which Professor

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Adams figured, but Mr. Tunell insists upon comparing the Government rate with the seven-pound express rate. That Mr. Julier should have urged this basis was clever, but that Mr. Tunell should follow him is not so clever. Had he taken the trouble to examine the report of the American Express Company, published in the Census of 1890, he would have found that its total payments to the railways on 24,000,000 packages, or 720,000,000 pounds, was but $4,900,000, whereas if the seven-pound rate had been typical—2 cents a pound—the payment would have been over $14,000,000. Mr. Tunell's "typical" figures, therefore, may be divided by three.

Russian Life in Town and Country. By Francis H. E. Palmer. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 320 pages. $1.20.

This is the latest addition to an interesting and valuable series of books interpretative of national art and character. The present volume deals with Russian life in all its aspects in town and country; with the noble, the peasant, the official, the priest, and the working classes, with the conditions of Jewish life in town, with the Church, with religious thought and ritual, with Dissenters, with society, and with town and country life. The writer is thoroughly in sympathy with his subject, and, without parting with his critical insight, interprets Russian life as the life of every people ought to be interpreted—from its own standpoint.

Social Control: A Survey of the Foundations of Order. By Edward Alsworth Ross, Ph.D. (The Citizen's Library.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 463 pages. $1.25.

This is the work of a sociologist of intellectual vigor, independent judgment, and strong common sense. Of these endowments the last named is the most important, for in the classroom, as in the conference-room of every sort, the man whose judgment on social questions weighs is the one who has best observed the common life about him. The greatest sociologists, the men whose social philosophies exercise the greatest control over all thinking people, are the men like Franklin and Lincoln, who had common sense until it amounted to genius; and not the men who pass judgment on social problems in the light of ill-comprehended biological phenomena. In Professor Ross's book there is no biology and no pedantry of any sort—though even Professor Ross's work may be stronger when he gathers the freedom to quote less often from the authorities and speak more often from his own acute observation of social facts and keen insight into social forces. However, it is ungracious to criticise the occasional evidences of bookishness in a sociology pre-eminently drawn from life rather than books. The subject matter of the volume is a discussion of the forces by which men are really governed—governed in every part of their innermost lives, when what is called "government" affects only a small part of their outward conduct. The forces dealt with—the opinions, sympathies, faiths, forms, etc., of those about us—compel the author to touch upon almost every phase of the social life of man. In a survey so comprehensive, by a man who thinks for himself, there are, it is needless to say, many judgments which are not the common judgment and many which are not our own, but the whole is so full of suggestiveness, and often so invigorating, that the work must be characterized as one of unusual power.

Specimens of the Short Story. Edited by George Henry Nettleton, Ph.D. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 4½×6¾ in. 229 pages. 50c.

Dr. Nettleton's selections are interesting. For what may be termed a sketch—the study of narrative in its lowest terms—he chooses Lamb's "Superannuated Man;" for the tale, pure and simple, Irving's "Rip Van Winkle"—that first great creation of American fiction; for an allegory, Hawthorne's "Great Stone Face;" for a detective story, Poe's "Purloined Letter;" for a burlesque, Thackeray's "Phil Fogarty;" for a story of incident, Dickens's "Doctor Manette's Manuscript;" for a psychological story, Stevenson's "Markheim;" and for a local-color story, Mr. Bret Harte's "Outcasts of Poker Flat." These are not only good specimens of the best narration; they also present peculiarly profitable material for the study of the art of narrative composition. The introductions prefixed to the separate stories include a short biography of the particular story-teller, a bibliography of his representative works, a review of his special literary qualities, and a discussion of the circumstances attending the composition selected, together with the points which aid in its interpretation. Sundry notes at the end of the volume helpfully explain certain difficulties of the text; these notes would have been more directly helpful, however, had they been printed at the bottom of the pages.

Supreme Crime (The). By Dorothea Gerard (Madame Longard de Longgarde). Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 300 pages.

This is a singular story. It treats of a peculiar people, namely, a Ruthenian colony in Austria who hold to the tenets of the Greek or Eastern Christian Church, and yet are in some way under the jurisdiction of Rome. Some readers will probably learn for the first time of the existence of such a people from the perusal of this story. It seems that marriage is allowed to their clergy, as it is in the Greek Church; but if the clergyman is not married up to the day of taking orders, he is not permitted to marry afterwards, but must remain a celibate. The story hinges on the efforts of a young man to escape this fate. He becomes betrothed to the daughter of a priest before beginning his ecclesiastical studies, and later falls in love with her sister, who dies mysteriously on the eve of her marriage to him. He marries the other sister, who has all along loved him, and whom everybody but he believes to have poisoned her sister. The story is complicated and the dénouement a surprise. There is much probing into character and picturing of unusual customs. The story is not pleasant, but is likely to interest readers of a psychological turn of mind.

Ten Days Abroad. By H. S. Fuller. The School News Co., New York. 4¾×7¼ in. 167 pages. $1.25.

This narrative appeals specially to those who

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are not aware how much rest and recreation can be got in a very short vacation over sea. Mr. Fuller, as an editor, knows how to tell the story entertainingly to those whom he would induce to imitate his venture.

Tarr and McMurry Geographies. Third Book. Europe and Other Continents, with Review of North America. Illustrated. By Ralph S. Tarr, B.S., F.G.S.A., and Frank McMurry, Ph.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×7½ in. 574 pages. 75c.

It is difficult to praise too highly the plan of this series. The first volume treated of the earth as a whole; the second comprised a study of North America only; the present discusses Europe and other continents. A salient excellence of the series lies in its maps. The political maps are restfully unburdened with unnecessary detail; while they give the main features of the relief of the various countries, half-tone illustrations of a set of continent models also appear in their proper places. These are supplemented by many maps illustrating climatic sections, the location of cities, the density of population, the distribution of products, and the network of railways. There are also tables of areas and populations, and, lastly, a pronouncing vocabulary, in which, however, readers will hardly agree as to a few of the pronunciations recommended. Another salient feature is the generous use of illustrations in general, thus doubling the value of the always interesting text. As to that text itself, like the preceding work, so here, physiography (or physical geography) is considered the basis for the causal series of facts. The authors show that altitude, glacial action, ocean currents, winds, may be traced to individual countries in such a manner that any student can grasp the connection. Their volumes are extremely informative, and invite the student to go beyond the text into original research. This is felt whether the authors treat of physiography, climate, or history, or of all three, pointing out their relation to a particularly striking natural development; whether they show the relation of industries or of cities to one another; whether they give the reasons for sea-supremacy, for colonies, or for foreign commerce. Finally, we would call attention to a special feature of the present volume. Whatever condition of Europe or of other continents is described, the corresponding situation in our own country is always reproduced. The authors thus insure the helpfulness of their volume; the understanding of conditions in foreign lands may be thoroughly mastered only by using a previous knowledge of our own country as a basis of comparison.

Thou Art the Man. By Frederic W. Pangborn. Wright & Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. 82 pages.

That toleration is granted to scandals as well as infirmities, and that discipline is not as strong a point in the modern as in the old-time Puritan church, is the fact on which this fiction rests. It relates how a certain minister took up his cross in this matter, and how his church was the gainer by the loss of some prominent "pillars." The merit of the story is in its moral; its style is newspaperish.

Training of the Body for Games, Athletics, Gymnastics, and Other Forms of Exercise (The). By F. A. Schmidt, M.D., and Eustace H. Miles, M.A. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 6×9 in. 520 pages. $2.50.

We strongly commend this valuable book. The author's position that games confer much more benefit than mere physical exercises, by reason of the pleasure which accompanies them, is gaining ground. We are now encouraging those sports which permit a large number to participate, rather than those for a thousand onlookers and ten performers. Mr. Miles declares that games cannot be learned to the best advantage by simply trying to play them, that the muscular movements required should be practiced separately, and poise and position mastered. The book contains chapters on anatomy and physiology, fully illustrated, a careful account of each athletic sport—bowling, boxing, fencing, and all the rest—with cuts showing the physical movements involved, and an appendix on proper food. The author urges that bicycle-riding should not be allowed to take the place of all other forms of exercise. Ride your wheel by all means, he says, as a means of locomotion, but do not let it supersede the sports which give more of an all-round development.

Two Men and Some Women. By Walter Marion Raymond. The Abbey Press, New York. 5¼×8 in. 160 pages. $1.

This little book has apparently been written by a very young man imbued with a very serious purpose. While in form a story, it is in effect a plea for chastity in young men through the picturing of resistance to temptation by one youth. The literary style is that of a bright newspaper writer, who measures social life from glimpses caught while on reportorial duty. A glimpse given of a high-life entertainment at the house of a Mrs. Van Wynd, of Chicago, would convey the impression that society in that city could hardly be measured by the standards of Eastern towns, where, however vicious the private conduct of society women, they certainly do not display vice so crudely. The writer needs a broader knowledge of life and social complexities before handling themes which at best are apt to leave a very bad taste in the mouth of the reader.

Verses. By Helen R. Hamersley Stickney. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 4¼×7 in. 125 pages. $1.

We commend the spirit of these verses, but in expression they lack the ring of poetry.

When the Gates Lift Up Their Heads. By Payne Erskine. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 445 pages. $1.50.

This is a very strong and well-worked-out story of Southern conditions during the seventies. The features are social rather than political. A young man returns to visit the old haunts and scenes of his fathers before the war. The pictures of his reception and recognition by negroes and whites alike are lifelike and interesting. There are Northern people who rent an ancient mansion and grounds and take boarders with the hope of bettering their fortunes. The complications and contrasts of character are cleverly touched. We feel that the author has his subject well in

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hand. There is a great deal of spontaneous humor, some pathos, and plenty of dramatic incident. The story is much above the average.

Wilderness Road (The). By Joseph A. Altsheler. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 379 pages. $1.50.

A thrilling and interestingly told story of the remarkable expansion movement in the eighteenth century, when the men of Kentucky cut their way westward and northward in quest of adventure and new territory. It deals with the romantic side of Wayne's victory and St. Clair's defeat—the campaign that divided an empire. It is a romance of heroism, adventure, and love under difficulties that called for dauntless courage and devotion; a bold, wholesome, inspiring story.

With a Policeman in South Africa. By E. W. Searle. Illustrated. The Abbey Press, New York. 5¾×8 in. 75c.

This single leaf from a wide experience of the world is written by a hand skilled in photographing what strikes the eye. The hero, son of a British army officer, is no "tenderfoot" and no saint. The tale of his adventures and frolics is good entertainment for a leisure hour.

Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address. Any book named in Notes and Queries will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, on receipt of price.

1. Please tell me which is correct. In writing an excuse shall I say, Please excuse, or Please to excuse? and why? 2. Can some reader furnish me the poem beginning:

"A friar sat in his lonely cell
Painting the subjects he loved so well,"

or can any one tell me where it may be found?

M. C. S.

1. Both are correct. It is allowable to omit the *to* before the infinitive mood after certain verbs, while after some verbs, as "let," the *to* must be omitted.

Does Bob Evans get his nickname, "Fighting Bob," from the character of Bob Acres in Sheridan's "Rivals"? Bob Acres is sometimes in the play called Fighting Bob, and I should like very much to know whether there is any connection between these two sobriquets. J. R.

Who knows?

"The darkest hour is just before the dawn." Is it? If it is, what is the philosophy of it?

L. H.

Not true in the physical, it is sometimes verified in the spiritual meaning of a hope which is at its lowest ebb when its realization begins to dawn.

Can any one give the title and author and tell where I may find the poem of which the following is the first stanza:

"I dreamed a dream in the midst of my slumbers,
And as fast as I dreamed it was coined into numbers.
I dreamed that a law had been recently made
That a tax on old bachelors' pates should be laid.
And to make them all willing to marry
The tax was as great as a man could well carry."

T.

Can you tell me in what book or books I can find the old hymn with chorus beginning,

"O Galilee, sweet Galilee,
Where Jesus loved so much to be"?

I have been much surprised not to find it in any of the numerous books which I have examined.

R. A. C.

I believe somebody or some organization gave General Sheridan a tapestry during or following the War of the Rebellion. Can some one tell me what was the subject of the tapestry? Who gave it? Where is it now? G. M.

In your issue of May 11 "E. G. B." asks for the author of "Sow an act and you reap a habit," etc. The author is George D. Boardman.

H. W. P.

"P. B. Y." will find "Ces Messieurs" in Vol. XXVII. of "Lippincott's Magazine," the March number (No. 159) for 1881. S.

I notice in The Outlook for May 25 an inquiry for the authorship of the lines, "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world." Since I have in my possession a true statement of the authorship, obtained about three years past, I am very glad to send it to you: "'The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world' is a sentiment the authorship of which has bothered the compilers of 'quotation books' for some time. In working upon the revision of the Hoyt-Ward 'Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations,' Miss Kate Louise Roberts, of Newark, N. J., prosecuted a successful search for the author of these lines, and in a letter to the 'Critic' tells the result: 'Many years ago John Brougham, Lester Wallack, Artemus Ward, and others, used to meet after the play at Windhurst's in Park Row. One night the question, "What rules the world?" arose, and various opinions were expressed. William Ross Wallace, who was present, retired before long, and some time later called Thomas J. Leigh from the room and handed to him a poem which he had just written. Mr. Leigh read it aloud to the company, and Mr. Brougham made a happy little speech of acknowledgment.' The poem thus written by Wallace was entitled 'What Rules the World,' and each stanza—there are five—ends with the lines:

'For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.'

Miss Roberts obtained these facts from Mr. Leigh, who was seventy-one years old. She was told that he and Isaiah Moran—at that time seventy-six—were the only survivors of the little party that heard the first reading of the poem." E. T. R.

Can any one tell me who wrote the poem closing with the lines,

"All who near to God abide
Are in some sense countrified"?

Also, where can the poem be obtained? H. E. R.

The passage referred to in the query of "E. B. G." (May 11) comes from the Sermons of Robertson. I am unable at this moment to furnish the exact reference. A. C. B.

"A. M. Y.," who inquires, May 18, about "concentration," might be interested in the Herbartian doctrine of Interest, as set forth in almost any book about Herbart, like "Introduction to the Principles and Practice of Education" (Ginn & Co.), or Professor John Dewey, "Interest as Related to the Will," Herbart Year-Book, Second Supplement, 1895, University of Chicago.

W. J. M.

J. G. B.—Our reply by mail having failed to reach you, we would say that "Evolution and its Relation to Religious Thought," by Professor Le Conte, University of California (D. Appleton & Co., New York, $1.50), is the sort of book you want.

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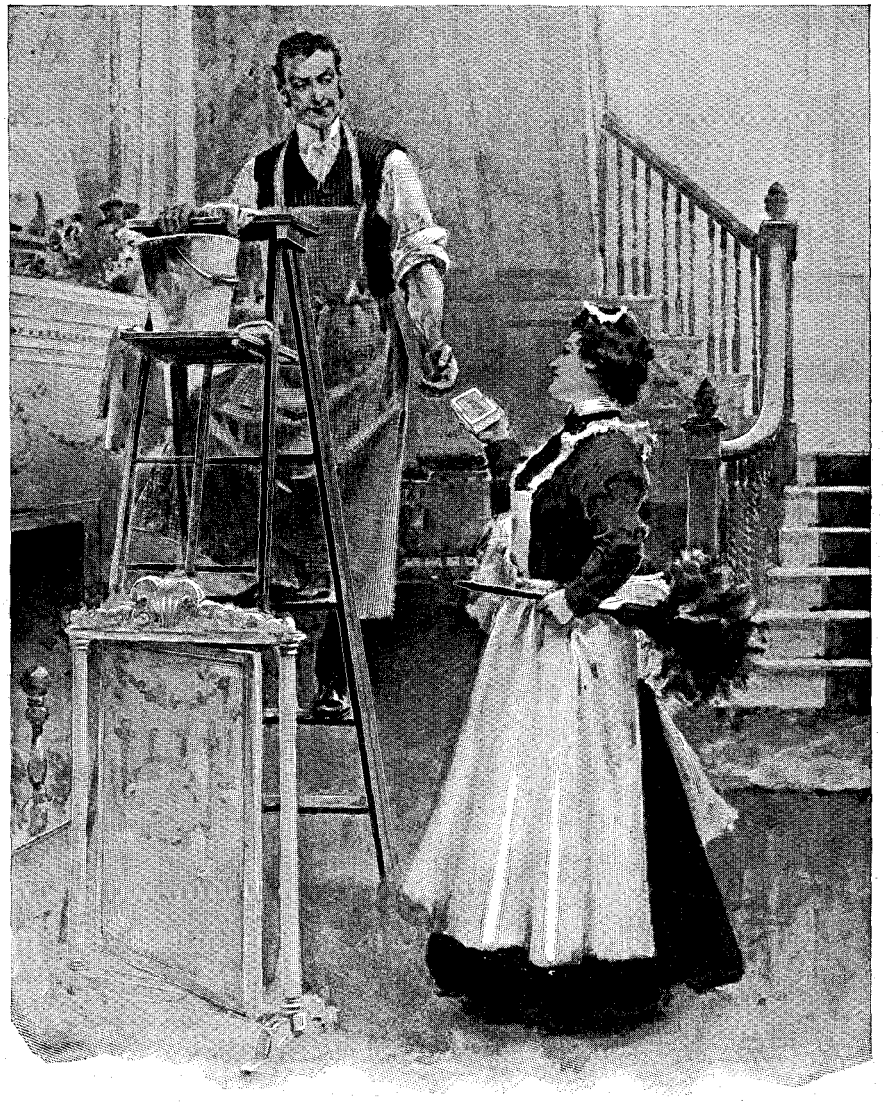

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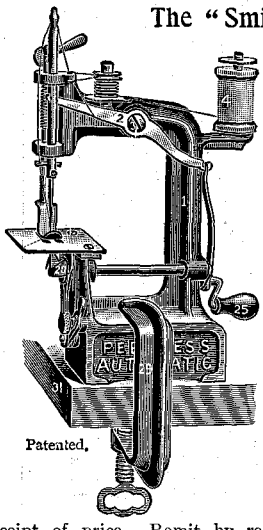

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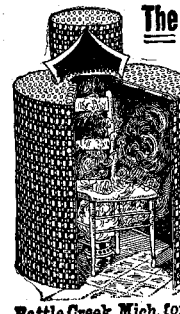

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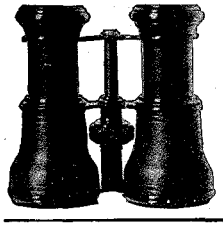

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